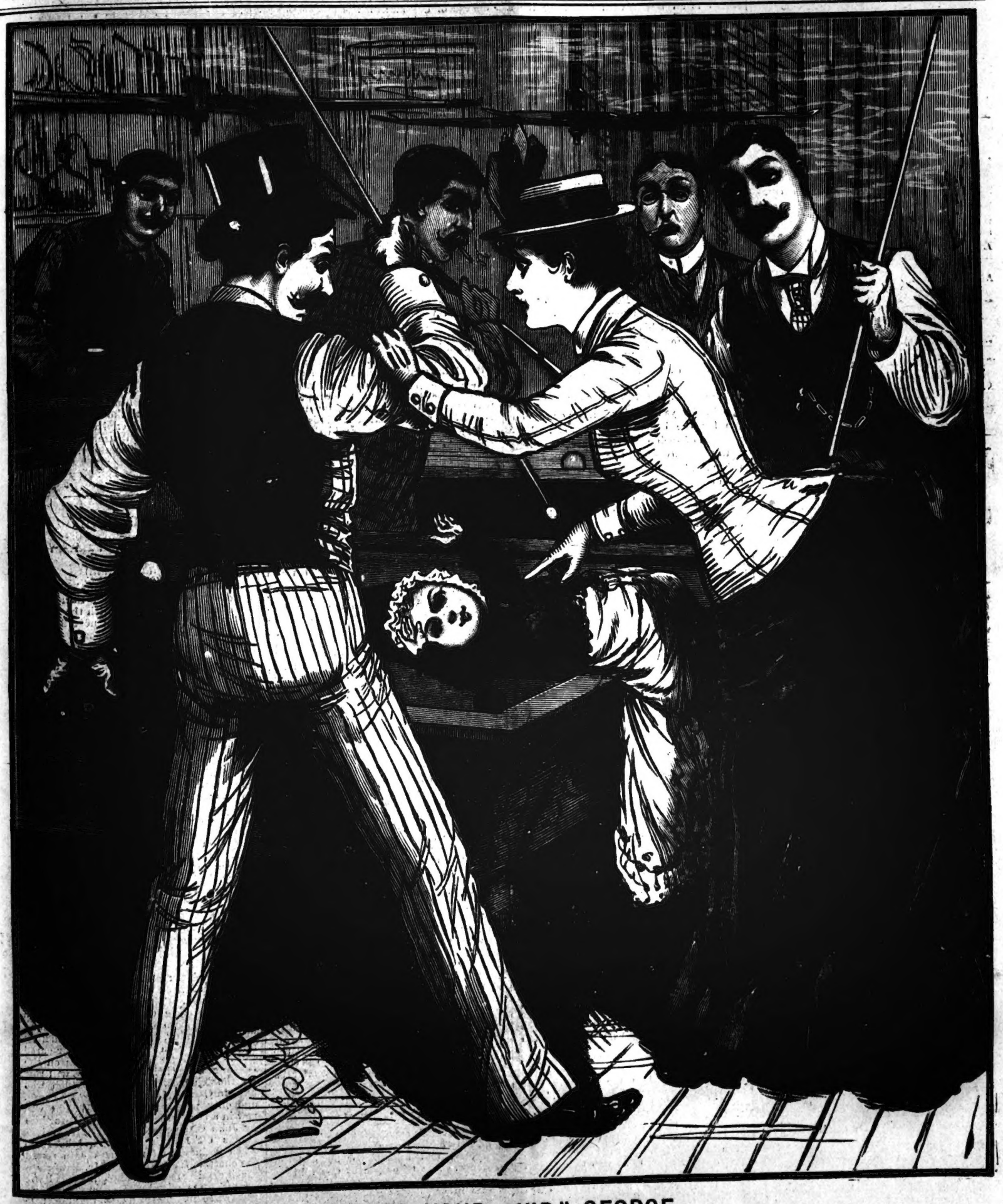
The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. I.—No. 19. [Entered at Stationer's Hall.] LONDON: MAY 12, 1894. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE FOUR PENCE.



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How a Swell was Brought to Time in Marrying a Girl he had Wronged.

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Published Weekly by
THE ALBION PUBLISHING COMPANY,
108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1894.

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"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free	...	17s. 4d.
Six Months, ditto	...	8s. 8d.
Three Months, ditto	...	4s. 6d.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. Blackpool.—See issue of May 19.
E. S. (Birmingham).—Send record of Homer.
W. J. (Leicester).—The referee's decision is final.
T. (Manchester).—Will respond to your request later on.
N. L. (Leeds).—We believe Corbett will appear in your section.
Reader.—We have as yet received no acceptance from him.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
JAMES J. CORBETT,
Champion of the World,
Will be sent post-paid on receipt of One Shilling to The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"Parson" Davies defines his position as regards Peter Jackson's proposed fight with James J. Corbett, and when the coloured man reaches this country Corbett will hardly dare to ignore any reasonable proposition he may put forward.

Corbett closes his season at Drury Lane May 11, and after a week's rest he will make a tour of the provinces. On his return to London the company will play a season at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and it is safe to predict that the engagement at Islington will prove to be much more profitable than the one at Drury Lane.

* * *

In the fight at the Bolingbroke Club Burge showed himself to be an exceedingly clever man. Though his work might appear tiresome to those who are admirers of the modern style of slugging, it just suits the ideas of the veterans, who were fond of looking at a protracted mill, where the men exercised caution, and were content at landing an occasional blow, and then retreating out of harm's way.

The arrangements were deplorable, the posts which formed the ring being set at the extreme edge, so that when the men got too close to the ropes, slipping off the edge was inevitable. The crowd was rather a boisterous one, and the manager was unable to hold them in check. His threats to stop the fight if order was not preserved were met with shouts of derison. The better element that attended felt relieved when the match was at an end, and they were only two well pleased to make a hasty exit.

* * *

The Raglan Music-hall is now a thing of the past. We understand the building is to be demolished and a warehouse erected on the site.

It appears strange what a vast amount of bravado the anarchists are capable of assuming in the most trying moments of their lawless careers. Emile Henry positively declined at Paris to enter an appeal for clemency, but declared that supreme punishment would be a deliverance to him. Probably it is just as well that he refused to plead for mercy, because little mercy would be shown such a wretch as he. In London Polti was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, whilst Farnara will, if he retains his health, have twenty years' time in which he can devote to repentance. Farnara created quite a scene when sentence was pronounced, but the prompt action of the two warders soon placed him in check.

* * *

Picking winners of the various horse races is on a par with searching for a needle in a haystack. We are proud to say, however, that "Chalk," in his Turf News of The Mirror of Life, manages to gather in countless numbers of needles, and those who follow his judgment have wound up on the profit side of accounts.

* * *

Nor the least interesting gossip in this week's issue is that relating to the runners of other days. We are developing good men from time to time at different distances at running, but the "flyers" preferred to cloak themselves as amateurs. Professional long-distance running is about as dead as Cleopatra's needle on the Thames Embankment, and it will be many years ere we have a revival of the game.

* * *

James Rowland Robert Fitt, of the North London Permanent Building Society fame, brought his defence to a close by admitting forgery. His too clever use of a pen will deprive him of five years' freedom, which was a well deserved sentence.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

INHUMAN CRUELTY.

Pauper Children Treated like Dogs.
A Nurse to be Prosecuted.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The report of the special committee appointed to inquire into the charges of cruelty to pauper children brought against a nurse named Gillespie, says the *Evening News and Post* of May 3, was read to the Hackney Guardians yesterday. It was a terrible story of inhuman cruelty. The committee had received evidence that Gillespie had whipped children on their naked bodies with stinging nettles, knocked their heads against walls, cut their heads by striking them with a bunch of keys, and knocking them down on stone or iron staircases, made them kneel with bare knees on the edge of the wire guards surrounding hot water pipes, immersed their heads in buckets of water, beaten them upon their hands and feet, subjected them to excessive "basket drill," and continually punished them without authority.

The Rev. T. E. Howlett, chairman of the committee, in moving the adoption of this report, reminded the Board that the School Committee had summarily dismissed Gillespie. He had now to recommend that the Board's solicitor be instructed to institute a prosecution against her. (Applause.) The inquiry was not yet concluded, and it remained to be seen whether other officers were not implicated in the cruelties which had been practised, or whether the superintendent, matron, or governess ought not to have known what appeared to have been going on for ten years.

Mr. Benhrie, in seconding the motion to prosecute, gave additional instances of what he described as the "unparalleled barbarities practised at Brentwood," and hinted that all had not yet been disclosed. Mr. Young added that the most inhuman cruelty of all had consisted in withholding water from the children till they had been driven to drink from the pans of the water-closets. (Sensation.) It was then unanimously resolved that a prosecution be forthwith begun. By a further resolution the Special Committee of Investigation was dissolved, but the School Committee was instructed to inquire into any other alleged acts of cruelty by officers.

BURGE DEFEATS NICKLESS.

It took Twenty-eight Rounds to do the trick.

The 10st English Championship and £600 for the Winner.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The contest between Dick Burge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Harry Nickless, of Kew, was brought to a decision at the Bolingbroke Club, Clapham Junction, May 4. The conditions of the battle were that the men should weigh, not to exceed ten stone, and decide the ownership of a stake of £200 a-side, an added purse of £200, and the English championship in the welter weight division.

The management was not of the best, and it therefore required a squad of police to protect the entrance, whilst many who obtained admission were of a boisterous character, and the man in charge of the affairs was unable to preserve the order which should have been maintained. He on several occasions threatened to terminate proceedings unless better order prevailed, but his threats were only met with cries of derision.

Both men scaled within the prescribed limit, and Burge ruled a favourite at odds of 2 to 1 on. He, however, disappointed those who went there anticipating a slugging of modern times because, like a good match general that he is, he accepted no chances, but worked in an extremely careful manner, bringing into play all his knowledge of science and generalship. He went through the match practically unscathed, and at the finish was as strong as when he began. He was in excellent form, and never once lost control of his feet or hands, which he used to the best possible advantage. Nickless fought in a game and determined fashion throughout, but was never clever enough to keep his adversary pinned to any spot long enough to land an effective punch. Time after time his blows spent their force in the air, and though many appeared well-timed, Burge was always good enough to dodge out of harm's way. It was twenty minutes after ten when Nickless, clad in a long ulster, entered the ring. He had for seconds Bill and Jack Natty, with C. Ransom and Jack Starr as bottle-holders. Burge was on the platform a few seconds later. The North-countryman was seconded by Dan M'Gannon, Sam Blakelock, and Jim Hayes, and his trainer, Funny Cook, was, of course, in the corner. Burge opened favourite at 6 to 4, and then the odds rapidly rose to 2 to 1, which was laid and offered. Mr. J. T. Hulls, the official timekeeper, struck the rounds with a gong, while Teddy Wilson was checker for Burge, and Joe Steers for the Londoner. For the first five rounds there was no damage done on either side. Burge was quicker both on his feet and with his hands, but he never attempted to take a liberty until the start of the sixth bout. Then he landed a spanking hit on Nickless's left eye. The Londoner's peeper went up in a twinkling. Burge gauged his man well in the four succeeding rounds, and planted effective blows in the damaged eye and the stomach. Nickless made many futile attempts to land effectively, and had to be content with getting in an occasional scratch hit. He continued to be the aggressor, however, and forced the pace throughout, and one of his swings was so far out of distance that when he missed he fell on his hands and knees. In the ninth round Nickless had the use of but one eye. The left had closed completely. Still he was as strong on his legs as at the start, and with Burge practically on the defensive, the fight looked like going on for weeks. A serious defect in the ring was the fixing of the uprights flush with the edge of the platform. Owing to this Nickless slipped several times through the ropes during his travels round the square, and once Burge grazed his left leg in the same manner. Round after round was ticked of in almost monotonous regularity. Nickless kept trying to force the fighting, but Burge would not have it, and no relief came until the twenty-first round. Then Nickless was knocked down with a left and right on the head, but he quickly recovered, and one man was quite as strong on his legs as the other when twenty-seven rounds had been reeled off. In the next Burge knocked his man down with a left on the chin. Nickless did not rise for eight seconds, and then Burge, following up his advantage, landed heavily on the jaw and knocked his man out after the contest had lasted one hour fifty minutes. Though beaten, Nickless was far from being disgraced. He displayed the utmost gameness, but was not in the class with such a clever and careful fighter as the North-countryman.

BOXING AS WAS BOXING.

Frank Hinde's contests at St. Andrew's Hall, May 5, were of a decidedly spirited character, and appreciated by a large audience. The management was all that could be expected, and everything conducted in excellent style. Details of the battles, which were to be six rounds each, follow:—

Dave Gough (Islington) beat Bert Smith (Edmonton). A few harmless exchanges were at first indulged in, after which both set to work in a determined manner, and the fighting was of an exciting character. In the third round Smith sent his man to the floor, but Gough was up again in the stipulated time, and subsequently scored the faster in a well-contested bout up to the finish, when he was returned the winner.

C. Meacock (Bloomsbury) beat W. Wallis (Camberwell).—This pair were well matched, and seldom has a harder-hitting bout been witnessed. In the first and second rounds the exchanges were slightly in favour of Wallis, but after this Meacock got home heavily on the nose, and nearly knocked his man out. Directly after Wallis, however, rallied again, and the fighting became fast and furious until the middle of the sixth round, when Meacock floored his man twice, and as he was in a dazed condition the referee stopped the contest, and returned Meacock the winner.

E. Gamble (St. James's) beat J. Barrett (Bloomsbury).—This bout caused plenty of excitement owing to the manner in which the pair set about each other. First one, then the other looked like being knocked out in the opening round, and the same style of fighting was continued in the next, which proved the last, as Gamble got home on the jaw, when Barrett, falling to the floor, was unable to rise in the stipulated time, and Gamble was returned the winner.

Bill Hoad (Peckham) beat Bill Bolton (St. George's).—The first named was taller and heavier than the St. George's lad, and soon after the start he planted his left on the face twice without a return. With a straight punch on the face Bolton sent his opponent down, but he was similarly served directly afterwards. The exchanges continued to be exceedingly heavy, much punishment being delivered by both combatants. Hoad was now the aggressor, and, having the best of exciting rallies, he received the official's award at the close.

Dummy Winters (Australia) beat Dummy Edmonds (Clare Market).—Early in the initial meeting Winters got home a heavy punch on the head which sent Edmonds to the boards; he, however, got up and resumed hostilities at a quick rate. A deal of slogging ensued until they were ordered to their corners. Similar tactics were pursued in the next meeting, Edmonds receiving another punch on the jaw which grassed him. "Time" was, however, called at the same moment. Before a minute had expired in the third round the Australian brought his right across and knocked his antagonist down.

Frank Hinde conducts another series of contests at the same hall on May 12.

SAM SORRELL.

A Game Young Boxer of Birmingham.

(With Portrait.)

A worthy representative of the Birmingham boxing school is Sam Sorrell, who is both game and clever with the mittens. He was born in Harrington, near Evesham, in 1868. He started boxing six years ago, when he won an 8st 4lb competition at Bill Argyle's Saloon, Camp Hill; was subsequently runner-up twice in similar events at that resort. Sorrell met Alf Bickerton in the final of an 8st 8lb competition promoted by the Birmingham Amateur Boxing Club, but had to acknowledge the superiority of his opponent, then at his best. Won an 8st 6lb competition at the Roebuck, Ashted Row. Has also been a trial horse for several good men. He beat Tom Burford with small gloves in eleven rounds. Fought a drawn battle of thirty-three rounds with Frank Neale; was beaten by Reuben Baxter in the final of Frank Hinde's 8st 12lb competition at Central Hall, London; but afterwards turned the tables on the Londoner in ten rounds at the National Sporting Club. His last appearance in the boxing arena was with Harry Greenfield, at the National Sporting Club, when the Brum met with defeat.

AMERICAN SCULLERS IN ENGLAND.

John J. Ryan and Joseph Wright, the Champion American Scullers, have reached this country. They will represent the Toronto Rowing Club. Mr. Ryan says they would both enter for the Diamond Sculls at Henley, and Mr. Wright and himself would row in the principal pair-oared race. Mr. Ryan brings with him on the Germanic the shell in which he will row on the Thames. The boat, which was built in Canada, is made of Spanish cedar, and only weighs 26lb. Mr. Wright will row in a boat which is being built for him by John Clasper, of Putney. Mr. Wright stands 6ft 1¼in in height, weighs 185lb when trained, and measures 43in round the chest. His companion, Mr. Ryan, is a much smaller man. His height is 5ft 10in; he measures round the chest 39½in, and rows at 152lb. They purpose making their headquarters at the Kingston Rowing Club on the Thames, and after a brief rest on arrival, will go into training for the Henley Regatta.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE NICHOLLS.

The Man who Beat Tom Cribb.

This boxer, who in all probability, from the two specimens of excellence that he displayed in the metropolis, had he continued in the practice of pugilism, might have reached the very summit of glory, but who can now only be remembered as a meteor in the pugilistic hemisphere, whose dazzling qualities caused a momentary blaze, then disappeared, and all its brilliancy has been since lost in oblivion. However, we are glad to find that the Temple of Fame is not so completely filled with heroes, but that a small niche has been preserved to do justice to the memory of Nicholls.

In proving the conqueror of such a hero as Tom Cribb, that circumstance is sufficient to exalt his character, even admitting that it was only during Cribb's novitiate; but then the latter had beaten that renowned pugilistic veteran of the old school, George Maddox; also Tom Blake, a determined boxer; and Ikey Pig, a man of considerable strength; and all of them men of notoriety in the tribe of pugilists.

The success of these contests had rendered Cribb somewhat conspicuous, who was rising fast into eminence and fame, when he entered the lists with Nicholls for a subscription purse of £25, at Blackwater, thirty-two miles from London, on Saturday, July 20, 1805, made up by amateurs, to compensate them for their loss of time in being deprived of witnessing the intended fight between the Game Chicken and Gulley. Tom Jones seconded Nicholls; and Dick Hall was second to Cribb. The odds upon setting-to were greatly on the side of Cribb, who was the favourite; but Nicholls was aware of Cribb's method of fighting, and fought him after the style of Big Ben in his contest with Tom Johnson. Nicholls, like a skilful general, armed at all points, was not to be deluded by the feints of the enemy—the system of milling on the retreat, which Cribb had hitherto practised with so much success, in this instance failed; the coolness and good temper of Nicholls appeared so predominant throughout the fight, that not only his fortitude was preserved, but added vigour to his judgment, which rendered him, either in the attack or in defending his position, a steady and decisive fighter. Cribb became rather puzzled and perplexed from his tactics being thus foiled. The advantages that he had derived in former contests by drawing his opponents after him, and then punishing and irritating them in their pursuit, so as to have the effect of making their distances incorrect (consequently their blows were frequently thrown away, and generally too feeble to do any execution, from his ingenious mode of fighting), with Nicholls was rendered unavailing. George would not suffer Crib to play round him, whereby his operations might become confused; but with a guard like Ben's, firm in the extreme, his appearance was towering and impregnable. Nicholls was never induced to quit his position without putting in a tremendous hit, waiting with the utmost skill for the temerity of his opponent, and then giving the return with a severity almost unparalleled. George scarcely ever failed in breaking through the defence of his adversary, and ultimately concluded the round with a knock-down blow. Nicholls was a tremendous hard hitter; and his one, two, rendered him truly formidable. The science and ability displayed by Nicholls in this contest completely astonished the sporting world, many of whom, in obtaining such knowledge, found out that they had not procured it at a very trifling expense.

The odds were considerably in favour of Cribb at setting-to, from the gluttony he had displayed in his previous battles; and Nicholls, having fought but once before, with Paddington Jones, which contest was considered nothing more than a drawn battle, and who did not stand so high in the opinion of the amateurs as his opponent; though, notwithstanding, his character was admitted thoroughbred. The first round was well contested, and good specimens of the art were manifested on both sides; but Nicholls, with a tremendous hit, knocked down Cribb. In the second and third the advantages might be termed reciprocal; but in the fourth round Cribb put in a terrible blow under Nicholls's right eye that made it twinkle again; yet it by no means disturbed his method of fighting, and he kept his temper wonderfully. The following rounds to the eighteenth were well-contested, and though one of Cribb's eyes was nearly closed up, the amateurs were not fickle in their opinions, and still looked upon him as an object that might be betted on with success. In the various rounds after this period, till about the forty-second, the science and adroitness of Cribb were excellent, and his rallies most courageous and formidable. Nicholls now became the hero of the scene, and showed himself off in good style, by exhibiting gaiety and confidence, and putting in his one, two, with considerable effect. Cribb, at this period of the fight, became much distressed, and endeavouring to recover his wind and strength, with his usual ingenuity, fought very shy and had recourse to shifting; but as he was dead beaten his distances became incorrect, and he fell several times, from endeavouring to make his blows tell; but still his game was prime, and he protracted the fight while a single chance remained, and the amateurs still fancied him, and sported upon his head with firmness; but all the manœuvres of Cribb were unavailing, and, in the fifty-second round, he was compelled to utter the reluctant sound—enough!

However, let it be recollected that Cribb lost this battle during his novitiate; and at a time when he was considered little more than a bottom man, and a promising young fighter.

During his boxing career, George Nicholls fought fifty battles. His knowledge of fighting was so excellent that he was pronounced by the amateurs a complete master of the fistic art. George was born in the year 1775, and was in height 5ft 8½in, and his fighting weight 11st. The following is the most accurate list of his battles that can be recollected.

Nicholls was only 17 years of age when he entered the ring with a man of the name of Hookey Harding. It was only for a guinea a-side, and it took place on Durdham Downs. Nicholls had for his seconds Applebee and George Davis. In forty minutes Harding was defeated, and the punishment he received was so terrific that not only his jaw was broken, but nearly all his teeth were knocked out. This latter boxer had gained considerable notoriety in having made a drawn battle, after the most desperate fight, with the celebrated Bill Warr.

In a week after the above battle, the brother of Harding, anxious to have a turn with Nicholls, for a guinea and half a-side, fought with him on Durdham Downs; but in the second round Harding, on having four of his teeth knocked out, exclaimed, "I have had quite enough. George shall not serve me as he did my brother." Applebee and Davis were also seconds to Nicholls on this occasion.

A sailor, who weighed 13st, challenged Nicholls for a guinea a-side. This battle took place in the Back Fields, near Lawford's Gate. The man of war was a troublesome customer, and did not give in till one hour had expired.

Another sailor shared the same fate, but in much less time, at Sea Mills.

Bill Packer, a Bristol butcher, was also glad to surrender to Nicholls.

One Saunders fought with the hero for two hours, but at the expiration of which he was also defeated. Nicholls fought a severe battle with Bill Wharf, when the latter acknowledged he had had enough. Tom Hilman in a very short time was beaten by him. George disposed of Murrifield also in first-rate style; Murrifield had not the slightest chance. A "stranger" made a good fight with Nicholls for one hour, but he was so terribly punished that he was taken off the ground for dead.

Bill Thomas, a butcher of Chepston, had so good an opinion of his milling qualities that he sent a public challenge to Bristol to fight the best man in that city. Nicholls accepted the challenge without delay, and he also won it offhand.

Morris, a fine, well-made man, weighing 13st, entered the lists with Nicholls for one guinea a-side, in St. Phillips' Marsh. It was a determined fight, but Morris was defeated in one hour.

A soldier, who weighed 14st, and who, it is said, Jem Belcher had refused to fight, was defeated by Nicholls in great style.

Samuel Carter, in course of one hour, after a good battle, surrendered to Nicholls.

On the same day that Bill Belcher conquered David Davis in St. James' Churchyard, Nicholls obtained victories over Bill Lewis and also Evan Lewis.

In a room at Priddy Fair, one Barnes, who had challenged all England, proved quite an easy customer to George Nicholls.

Jack Tanton, in the hands of the hero, had not a shadow of a chance. Jack Hook was likewise beaten by Nicholls.

Leonard, the champion of Bath, was matched against Nicholls for five guineas a-side. Bob Watson and Tom Davis acted a seconds to the hero. This battle took place at Lansdown, the same day that Spaniard Harris and Bill Cox fought. The Bath champion was dreadfully beaten, and both his peepers were soon closed; while, on the contrary, Nicholls received not the slightest injury.

Bill Halldin was also nobody in the hands of Nicholls.

However painful it may be to relate, the impartial historian is not to be deterred from doing his duty. The fame of Nicholls was now so completely established from his numerous victories, that he was backed to the end of the chapter without the slightest hesitation. However, in his contest with one Beaver he was defeated; but it was afterwards ascertained by his backers that it was a complete cross, and they never got a run for their money.

Jack Williams could make no head against the decisive fighting of the hero.

And Tumbling Joey, as he was termed, was made a complete spectacle of in the course of a few minutes by Nicholls.

Nicholls gave up the bustle and noise of the Prize Ring, and followed his business as a butcher in Gloucester Lane, Bristol; and although so terrific a personage in combat, yet in private life it was impossible to meet with a more quiet, inoffensive, retired man. In fact, he shunned company, never visited public-houses, was rather of a religious turn of mind, and the leisure time that presented itself to him was filled up in angling, his favourite pursuit.

His son George also bid fair to have distinguished himself as a boxer, but, at the request of his relatives, he entirely surrendered all idea of entering the Prize Ring.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS RIDICULED.

An Irishman's Wit Enables Him to Smuggle Tobacco.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An Irishman can display an abundance of wit, original with his race, when he feels so disposed, and, though it might appear simple, it is nevertheless wit. On board of a cattle steamer, which arrived the other day, an Irishman had quietly informed friends in confidence that he had several plugs in his box, as well as spirits. When his luggage was landed the Customs officers seized the box, and Pat was forced to disgorge the plugs, presumably tobacco, and spirits. Upon opening his box he hauled out two bottles, and, handing them to the officer, said: "There is the spirits of me ould father and mother who were cremated in Ameriky, and as for plugs, I have fifty or more as I use in my trade." He was told to close his box and take it away. After he passed through the dock gates he remarked to a companion, "They were damn smart, weren't they? I have fifty plugs of the finest tobacco you ever put your teeth through in the bottom of me trunk, and the divils were not smart enough to lay their dirty paws on it."

With his ready wit, he cleverly hoodwinked the officials and the police officer who had regarded Pat as a practical joker, when he was really speaking the truth.

SPRING LOCK SHUT HIM OUT.

An Incident which a Putney Man Experienced.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It was at two o'clock the other morning that a Putney resident was summoned to the door, from his couch, by a friend who desired to impart some information of a private nature to him. Upon opening the door he stepped outside, and was holding a whispered conversation, when, to his discomfiture, the door blew shut, and the latch catching, he was barred out of his own home with nothing but his night-clothes on. He rang the bell, but no response came, and, being somewhat chilled, his friend loaned him a top coat. It required a considerable amount of knocking at the door to rouse up his wife so that he might seek shelter in the house. The episode taught him a lesson never to go outside his doorway without possessing a latchkey.

SHE MADE THEM APOLOGISE.

A St. Louis Girl who Knew How to Handle Vagabonds.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Three St. Louis, U. S. A. vagabonds entered a tram car at midnight recently, and finding that the only passenger on board was a young lady who was returning home alone from the theatre, they inaugurated a tirade of insults, which the conductor appeared to enjoy equally as much as the wretches themselves. The young lady found she was in an unenviable position, and being maddened at the filthy language used in her presence, she drew forth a revolver from her pocket, and pointing it at the nearest of the trio, she demanded an apology. The vagabond demurred, but she was determined to have an apology. Finding they were facing a determined woman, they each in turn apologised, and during the rest of the journey they dared not move or say a word. They expressed relief when she got off at her destination.

FATHER YOUR "KID," GEORGE.

How a Swell was Brought to Time in Marrying a Girl he had Wronged.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Most young girls, when they are betrayed, will sit down and cry over misfortune, others seek solace through the courts; but the most determined one we have heard of is a young lady living not many miles from St. Paul's church. She was ruined, and after giving birth to a child, was forsaken by the cruel wretch who brought about her downfall. Determined not to be so easily discarded she haunted the footsteps of the man who, under promise of marriage, had betrayed her. She made his life miserable, and he made several attempts to purchase her silence. It was not money she was after, it was a redemption, in part, of her good name, and this he declined to do, because, as he claimed, he was to wed a young lady of means and affluence. The unfortunate young woman secured the address of the young lady, and acquainted her with the true state of affairs, which resulted in a broken engagement. She then trailed him about, and the other evening, whilst engaged in a game of billiards, the betrayer was surprised at seeing his persecutor walk deliberately up before him, and placing the baby on the billiard table, shouted, "Here, George, father your kid," and walked out. George found himself placed in rather a peculiar predicament. The child was his beyond question, and he didn't know what to do with it. After consulting his friends, he finally decided to unite the girl in marriage, which he did, though he declines to permit one roof to shelter both. They have agreed to disagree, and he is to allow her sufficient money to support herself and the baby. She, however, has accomplished what she most desired—to secure a father for her child.

LOOKING FOR PAINTED CHEEKS.

A Staid Old Merchant who Objected to Engaging Girls who Used Face Paint.

(Subject of Illustration.)

If you are engaging a female clerk or type-writer be sure you get one who does not depend on paint and powder to improve her complexion, because a girl that knows enough to paint is smart enough to get you in trouble; at least, so reasons a staid old merchant in the business district. He advertised recently for a type-writer, and that morning quite a dozen young women responded as applicants. Calling his confidential clerk in his office he gave him a sponge and a basin of water, requesting the clerk to apply the wet sponge to the cheeks of each of the girls, and those who were not painted he would consult regarding the position. It was pleasure for the clerk, and those who rebelled at the treatment he grasped around the waist and forced them to submit. Of the many applicants but a single one proved eligible as a candidate, and she possessed the rosiest cheeks of the entire lot.

She was engaged, but it is safe to say that it will not be long ere the bloom departs from her cheeks, and if the old merchant don't corrupt his type-writer it will not be for the want of trying, because he is said to have accomplished his designs on others who have worked for him.

"TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

How a Lady Rewarded a Bank Clerk for not Demanding Identification.

(Subject of Illustration.)

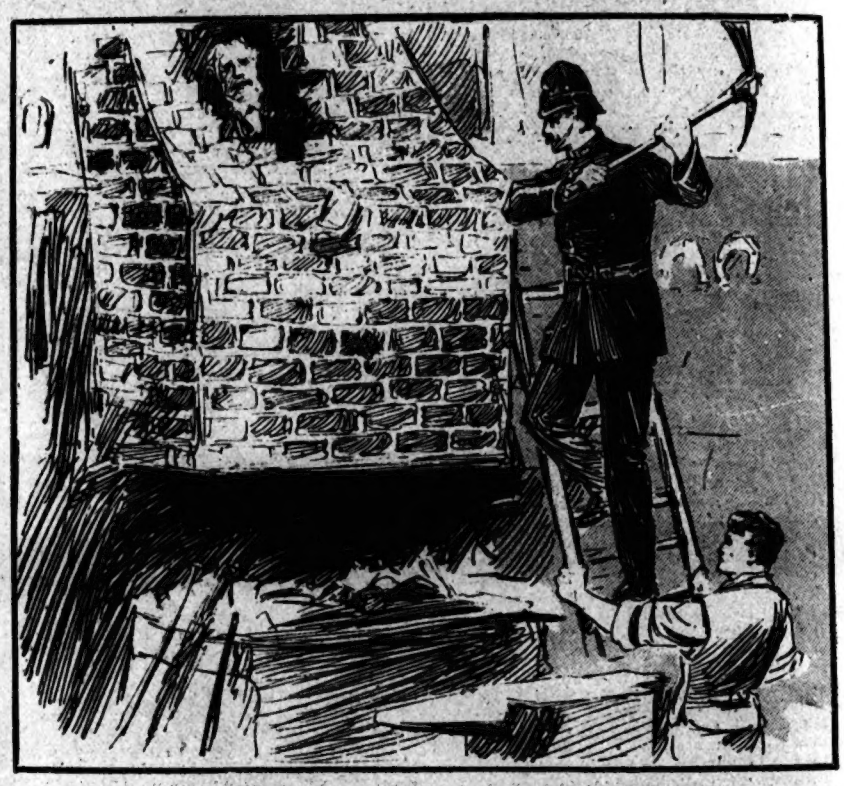
It was in a branch of a large banking institution an episode occurred the other day, which may eventually lead into making "two hearts with but a single thought and to beat as one." A young lady had called at the main establishment in hopes of getting a cheque for £25 cashed; but the clerk stated that, as it was made payable to order, identification would be necessary. This gave the lady a decided set-back, and no end of pleading failed to induce the clerk to relent from his decision. Finally the lady departed crestfallen and decidedly disappointed, and at once journeyed toward the West End to seek an acquaintance to return with her that the money could be drawn. She by chance perceived a branch concern of the bank and concluded to make an effort to have the cheque cashed there. She presented the check and, curious to state, the clerk without question handed over the money. This was too much for the weaker sex to stand and, reaching through the aperture, grasped the young man, imprinted a kiss on his cheeks, and exclaimed "You're too sweet for anything." To have a pretty girl kiss one so unexpectedly is sufficient to cause any young man to forget himself. The clerk was no exception, and reaching over clasped his arms around her waist and wanted her to do it some more. An invitation was extended to call at the lady's house, and six months' hence we will not be surprised to hear of an approaching wedding.

INHUMAN CRUELTY.

Pauper Children Treated Like Dogs.—A Nurse to be Prosecuted.

A MERCILESS WOMAN.

A Grandmother's Freak of Maltreating a Child.



HAD TO BE CUT OUT.

The Sad Plight of a Labourer who Sought Entrance through a Chimney.

STOLEN SWEETS.

A Girl who Appreciated the Kisses, but Wanted Money, too.

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

A Pretty Vulture Caught Stealing Cards for her Accomplice.

THEY PREFERRED THE FEMALE BARBER.

A Pretty Girl Monopolises the Trade of a Hairdressing Parlour.

HONEST SPORTS.

Veterans of Other Days.

Running, Past and Present.

Champion Shavers.

Rymer's Position to Wick and Lloyd.

Cricket Season On.

Long distance running races by professionals is a sport long since dead in this country. The last decade of good men included Willie Cummings, Walter G. George, Nick Cox, W. Duddle, P. Cannon, and Dave Livingstone; but they found it too unprofitable to follow up. It is doubtful if the world ever saw a faster man than Cummings at from one to five miles, whilst George was probably the best at ten miles. The latter only recently offered to make a match with the speedy amateurs, provided the inducement was sufficient to warrant his going into training in hopes of recovering his old time form.

Cummings, though in good health, would probably find it a difficult matter to get back his old time speed, and rests content on his laurels, living at Morecambe.

Cox is conducting an athletic ground at Bristol, and though he takes an occasional spin, he is too well advanced in years to do any very fast work.

Choppy Warburton is one of the few old-timers who continues to be active in athletics, but it is as a trainer of bicycle riders that he devotes his attention. The career of Jim M'Leary came to rather an abrupt end mostly through an illness he contracted, which terminated in his demise.

* * *

No man ever created so much interest in running as L. Bennett, the Seneca Indian, who was known as

Deerfoot.

He was brought to this country in August, 1861, from the States, by Jack Macdonald, the man who seconded J. C. Heenan, and George Martin, a Manchester pedestrian. He ran many races in this country, at distances ranging from four to ten miles, and beat, among others, Teddy Mills, Jack White, the Gateshead clipper; J. Brighton, William Jackson, the American deer; J. Levett, Bill Lang, and other noted men of that day. Deerfoot is over sixty years of age, and lives in the neighbourhood where he was born, at Catterangas, near Buffalo. Ten years ago he was a competitor in a long distance race in Buffalo, but his old-time form had left him, so he was unable to go through the first day of the journey.

* * *

Deerfoot was never able to beat

Teddy Mills (Young England)

at six miles. There were three of the Mills' boys—Billy, Charley, and Teddy—the last-named upheld the honours of the family on the cinder path. They quit the business, however, and launched out as publicans. Billy died some years since, but Teddy and Charley are still alive, and were partners in over a dozen "pubs" when they dissolved a year ago. They are reputed to be worth £100,000. Though they take no interest in foot-racing they are patrons of the Turf and boxing. Of the many athletes who have appeared before the public Edward has probably attained the greatest wealth of any of them.

* * *

Bill Lang

was in those days credited with having done a mile, down a grade, in 4min. 2sec. His record at two miles—9min. 11⅗sec., at the City Grounds, Manchester, August 1, 1863, still retains a premier position. Bill never possessed a great deal of business tact, and therefore never accumulated a great deal of money.

* * *

Old Mountjoy

was a quaint character and will be remembered by the modern school of "peds." His feat of doing fifty miles a day was a hobby of his and peculiar to himself. Walking on eggs was a feat he delighted in doing. His stamping ground was at Islington, and up to the time he died—some fourteen years since, bordering on seventy years of age—he depended mainly for his existence on an occasional benefit or a contribution of a piece of silver from some of his admirers. He practically walked up to the hour of his death.

* * *

Herbert Bentfield, of Homerton, writing to The Mirror of Life, says, "The controversy between James Rymer and other aspirants, for honours at rapid shaving has been indeed a protracted one. I desire to state that Mr. Rymer has been straightforward as regards his intentions, and really wishes the question brought to a satisfactory settlement. Teddy Wick and W. Lloyd have shown no inclination to prove a validity to their claims as rapid shavers in an open contest. If they want to display a true sportsman-like spirit why don't they enter for The Mirror of Life trophy, which is an emblem of the championship. The articles drafted to govern the match are exceedingly fair I see no reason why Wick and Lloyd should not, as honourable men, enter, for I can truthfully assert that James Rymer has exerted himself in hopes of making the proposed contest attractive and amusing, besides a financial success which willmean profit, *even to the losers*. The programme as suggested will consist of the contest, dramatic sketches—"Box and Cox," and "Peace at any Price,"—and a variety entertainment by talented artistes. By making inquiries of the other would-be contestants they have not as yet even moved in the matter. As a lover of honest and fair play, I think these two so-called champions should come forward or else crawl in a hole and pull the hole in after them. Which will they do? Rymer is, I believe, twenty years William Lloyd's senior, and stands prepared to show himself in his true colours, and chance losing the exalted record which he now holds for quick and clean shaving. On his behalf I thank the paper for the great interest it has taken in this matter, because I feel sure that The Mirror of Life has done all in its power to induce Wick and Lloyd to enter."

* * *

The weight-lifters and strong men in the United States are having quite a discussion through the Press as regards their relative merits to outlift each other. The lifting of heavy weights requires more knack than strength, and if the discussion simmers down to a "mud-slinging" contest, many secrets of the profession will probably be exposed. Louis Cyr, the Canadian, is probably the only man who does a legitimate heavy lift, and he is hot after Eugene Sandow, but the latter evades a lifting contest by offering to present Cyr with 10,000 dols. and a belt if he does Sandow's feats. Cyr is not on to the knack of doing the feats which Sandow claims, therefore he insists on a legitimate weight-lifting match, which would be the only fair way of determining who is really the strongest man in the world.

* * *

A remarkable day's play was witnessed in the first cricket match of the season at Lord's, May 2, in which a powerful M.C.C. eleven were opposed to Sussex. Throughout the bowlers held the supremacy, and though W. G. Grace and his team could only answer the 42 of Sussex with 103, they won the match in a single innings. During forty years only a dozen instances of a match of this class being brought to an issue are recorded, and we must go back two years for a similar incident. The ground favoured the ball undoubtedly, but still great praise is due to J. T. Hearne, Martin, and Mead on behalf of the club, and certainly not less to the Sussex men, Parris and Tate, who were unchanged throughout the innings.

* * *

At Herne Hill, May 2, J. E. L. Bates, Surrey B.C., and L. Stroud, Bath Road C.C., made a successful attack on the one hour's tandem tricycle records. They started rather carefully, but soon settled down to work, and ultimately beat the record of 20 miles 95 yards made by Crump and Beduin, at Paddington, on September 25, 1890, by over three miles, the distance covered being 23 miles 310 yards. J. Dring held the watch. J. Camp, T. Osborne, G. E. Osmond, E. Leitch, and others did yeoman service as pacers.

* * *

The American Jockey Club has decided not to allow jockeys to own racehorses, a rule which has for several years been in force in this country with certain exceptions. This decision will be incorporated into the new rules, which will be presented to Turfmen as a souvenir next Christmas. The new rule will affect many of the leading jockeys in the East. Among those who own horses are M'Cafferty, Garrison, Bergon, Doggett, Fitzpatrick, Griffin, Donohue, and Isaac Murphy. The man at whom the rule is probably aimed, and who will certainly be most affected by it, is M'Cafferty. Those at present owning horses will be allowed twelve months in which to dispose of them.

* * *

Lord Lonsdale is chairman of committee of the New Tiffin Club, started to supply luncheons at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, Lord's, Henley, &c. Should the application for membership justify it, it is proposed to rent suitable premises having large bedroom accommodation.

* * *

The most disappointing performer in the Chester Cup was Dendoscope. Mr. Vyner has not had a very prosperous time this season with his racehorses, and, in addition, has just lost Rosebery, who will be best remembered as the winner of the double event—Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—in 1876.

* * *

The value of the Chester Cup, won by Lord Penrhyn's Quousitum, was £1,449, this including the champion prize Cheshire cheese presented to the winner. Cheeses were also taken by Mr. Perkins and Mr. T. Wadlow, the owners of the second and third horses. The last time the stakes exceed £1,000 was in 1888, when Kinsky credited Captain Homfray with £1,122.

* * *

Mr. John Burns, M.P., on May 3, met with an accident in Battersea Park. A cricket ball struck him with great force, cutting his face and blacking his eye. Mr. Burns, with his face surgically dressed, subsequently proceeded to the House of Commons.

* * *

Young Hosmer and Billy Hall are to scull from Chiswick to Hammersmith Bridge, on May 21, for £10.

* * *

Harry Gardener, ex-champion swimmer of England, died at half-past one on the morning of May 1.

* * *

In his billard match with Diggle at Manchester John Roberts conceded 9,000 in 24,000, spot-barred, and on May 3, gave a remarkable exhibition of his control over billiard balls by surpassing all previous records with a masterly break of 1,033 unfinished. Continuing the following afternoon his effort was not brought to a close until the score had been taken to 1,392. The champion occupied 1 hour 21min in compiling this huge break, a record that will doubtless stand for a very long while. The previous record (one of his own creation) was 867.

Mrs. Youngwife (indignantly): "And you took the cake I put in the window to cool and ate it? How dared you?"

Dusty-Rhodes (caught in the act, and consequently humble): "A starving man will eat almost anything, mum."

A MERCILESS WOMAN.

A Grandmother's Freak of Maltreating a Child.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Clara Jackson, 50, of 19, Mulgrave Road, Fulham, was charged at West London with cruelly ill-treating a child, Lilian Adeline Chalk, in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering or injury to its health.—Ada Chalk said the prisoner was her mother, and lived with her and her husband. She left the baby and another child with her mother on the previous day while she went to work. On her return she found a large crowd outside the house, and heard them shouting. The baby was asleep when she got in.—Police-constable Mills, 211 T, said he saw the prisoner hold the baby in a manner to expose it in front of a window. A large crowd gathered, and the prisoner held the child up by the feet, head downwards, and repeated this several times. He went into the house and took the prisoner into custody.—The Prisoner: Everything you are saying is lies.—Inspector Roberts, of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, said that the prisoner had been under the observation of the society for some time. She had lived with the husband of the first witness for five years, and then he married the daughter.—The first witness, recalled, said that that statement was true. There were two children, the result of the marriage, and there was another child belonging to her husband by his first wife. Her mother was not unkind to the children.—A sentence of two months' imprisonment with hard labour was awarded.

ARTHUR G. W. WELLINGTON.

A Bookmaker who backs Bill Moore, Champion Boxer.

(With Portrait.)

Arthur G. Washington Wellington, backer of Bill Moore, 7st 12lb champion, is a publican and bookmaker. He is a member of the Albert, Victoria, and Beaufort Clubs, and is closely connected with several racing stables.

Mr. Wellington will be remembered as having worked the majority of the commissions on Bendigo, when that horse won the Cambridgeshire Handicap, Eclipse, and Jubilee Stakes, and was also a heavy backer of Surefoot, and other winning horses, which enabled him to carry close on to £100,000 out of the ring.

At Derby meeting, April 27, he laid £250 to £200 that Bill Moore would defeat George Corfield at Sheffield, May 21.

He is generous as a contributor to charity, having recently donated £50 to each of the following hospitals: the Metropolitan, Kingsland; the German, Hackney; and the Victoria Park Chest Hospital.

SENTENCE OF A RUSSIAN MURDERER.

The tribunal of the town of Kertch, in the Crimea, has just concluded the trial of a man, named Ivanitsky, for a series of murders committed in the most cold-blooded manner. The accused had formerly been a monk at Kieff, but becoming tired of monastic life he fled to Kertch, where he took to the trade of a carpenter, and married. His wife bore him two sons, the elder of whom was 14 and the younger 10 at the time of the trial. At Kertch he latterly lived at the house of a man named Redine, who, together with his wife and a servant girl, occupied the other wing of the building. One day, some time after Ivanitsky's arrival, the young servant girl disappeared, and nothing more was ever heard of her. A few months later, during the absence of Redine, the latter's wife likewise disappeared, Ivanitsky being the first to inform the police and to write and tell Redine of the event. All efforts made to trace the two women completely failed, and finally Redine took another woman to live with him. In the meantime Ivanitsky's affairs had not prospered, and Redine's frequent appeals for payment of rent remaining unanswered, he at length called on Ivanitsky to remonstrate with him. As he remained absent some time, the woman who lived with him became anxious, and repaired likewise to the part of the house occupied by Ivanitsky. The latter informed her that Redine had gone to the upper story, and she was about to leave the room when she suddenly caught sight of Redine's body lying in a pool of blood under Ivanitsky's bed. She at once ran into the street shrieking, and Ivanitsky was immediately arrested. A search made among his effects led to the discovery of various articles belonging to Redine's wife and the servant girl, and, being pressed with questions, Ivanitsky's youngest son at length confessed that his father had murdered the two women, and had been helped in the matter by his mother and his elder brother. The tribunal condemned Ivanitsky to penal servitude for life, his wife to twenty years, and the eldest son to twelve years' penal servitude.

AROUND THE RING.

Corbett's High Horse.

Will the Big 'Uns Fight?

Mr. Fleming's Position.

Donovan's Blarney.

Two of the Old School.

Australia on Top.

"It's amusing," says a correspondent, "to go through the African quarter of New York city, or, in fact, any of the large cities in the North or West, and listen to the comments made regarding the Jackson-Corbett proposed fight. They are positive Peter is sincere, and you may rest assured that admirers of Gentleman Jack, who have no desire to come in contact with a razor or two, had better steer clear of the dusky element. 'Wha foah Corbett doan fight Peter,' one said to me; 'he hab a high regard for dat man. Jackson am sure to beat Corbett, sure you am born. He say he do Peter Jackson an honour to recognise him; how do he do him an honour? Aint cullud man's money good as his? Dischile know wha foah he say, cully. Peter am no chicken, he doan turn pale fore any man; he am a fighter, he am, and none of your blow about him. If dat man Brady want ter bet, Ise go him my pile of money dat Peter doan get as much as a black eye when he fights Corbett. Had a dream last night, I dream dat Peter whip dat man in fo rounds, and when I'se play poker to-day I'se draw fo ob a kind fo times, so I'se go and play 4—11—44 in lottery and I wins, so you see it am Peter's fight sho yo born, and make no mistake. What's dat yo say! Go way chile, doan fool wid dis heah niggah; I'se got blood in my eye, suah you born; I'se a bad man, I'se carry a razah. I'll carve you deep, fo sure; I'll cut your heart out, and put on a plate and eat it. I'se no Coxeyite, I'se no tramp; cullud man am gem'men, and doan want no white trash fooling about heah, see!'"

* * *

"I saw Charles E. Davies, the 'Parson,' and had quite a talk with him relative to the match. He states that he feels quite sure that

Mr. Fleming will give £3,000

to have the match occur at the National Sporting Club in September. Of course Mr. Fleming is on the fence in the matter, and don't care who wins, so long as it is the best man. We know the National Sporting Club is composed largely of the nobility, and as Mr. Fleming has the name of conducting such matches in an impartial manner and is capable of managing a fight better than any man in England, we should feel satisfied if the men finally consented to accept any purse he should offer. Davies allows that Mr. Fleming has made no direct offer to give £3,000, but is confident he would guarantee that sum, provided the Corbett party would intimate that they were open for a proposition."

* * *

"The 'Parson' talks of going to England very shortly with Jackson and come to some decided understanding, because there is 7,000 dols. a-side now up, and the final deposit of 3,000 dols. a-side is shortly due. He is extremely anxious to have Corbett listen to reason. He says

"Corbett's on a High Horse,

"but believes that when Jackson calls on him personally a definite arrangement will be the outcome. It matters not to Jackson where he fights so long as it is north of the Mason-Dixon line. England would suit him first-rate, and no expense money would be demanded so far as the coloured man is concerned. He is confident in his own mind of success, and half of the stake money belongs to him personally; a fighter must have some confidence in his ability to risk as much as 5,000 dollars on his own chances. Sullivan never dared do it when he was champion, and it is doubtful if Corbett would risk so much of his belongings. Davies conveys the idea that Corbett is

Making a Monkey of Peter,

and don't regard it a business-like way to treat the coloured champion."

* * *

"When it was rumoured that Jackson was incapacited from doing battle, owing to ill-health, many laboured under the impression that Davies was not sincere in regard to the fight, but subsequent developments show that the canard was started in Boston by an unreliable newspaper man, who invented the story for the sole purpose of producing a little sensational news. Jackson was a trifle under the weather last winter, but to-day his health is good, and he is in the Corbett match for keeps. It is to be hoped that the champion will exert himself a trifle toward bringing the affair to a positive arrangement in the near future and will meet Peter half way on any question which may arise. They can't fight in the United States, that's certain; therefore they must meet in England, New Mexico, or Cuba."

* * *

According to a New York statement, the Duval Athletic Club of Jacksonville, Fla., is reorganised and has projected "a big pugilistic carnival to take place at Jacksonville, Fla., next December." The scheme is to persuade Jackson to forego his objections to fighting in the South, and then to offer a 25,000dols. purse for Corbett and Jackson, and also purses for Dixon and Griffo, Fitzsimmons and Choynski, and other star matches. The practical difficulties in the way of the project are the question whether the Florida Legislature will not enact a new law on the fighting question before the Corbett-Jackson match would occur, and whether, too, mixed race pugilism, with a coloured man on one side and a white one on the other, will be tolerated in the South. It is not the objection of Jackson to fighting Corbett in Florida that has to be overcome; it is the objection of the people of that section to having that fight occur there. There was such an acclaim throughout the South against setting a white man to do battle with a coloured one when George Dixon was put in the ring at New Orleans with Jack Skelly, that the Southern newspaper writers generally protested against the making of another "mixed race match" to occur in that section. They were free and frank in declaring that the influence on the coloured population of a white man's defeat in such a match was not, from a social or political point of view, a wholesome one.

* * *

Mike Donovan, instructor to the New York Athletic Club, regards Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, as the coming middle-weight champion of the world. He writes us as follows: "I shall probably bring Craig to Europe in July, and we shall endeavour to secure engagements to spar at Dublin, Cork, and Liverpool—a week at each place. I am anxious to visit my old home in Ireland and am stuck on

Kissing the Blarney Stone

once more before I get too old to travel about."

* * *

"Craig is a good man and improving every day. Two years hence he will head the list as a middle-weight. He is brimful of confidence, and always ready to take on any man, regardless of size or colour. Being but twenty-three years of age, he will not attain his best form for a couple of years yet. If any music-hall managers desire to have him appear in a set-to with myself, or any middle-weight in July or August let them communicate with The Mirror of Life, and you can guarantee our appearance."

* * *

Continuing, Donovan says: "What a great change there has been in ring matters the past few years. Nowadays a champion will only do battle with his hands encased in pillows, and then dictates when and whom he shall fight. They get a fortune for one fight, whilst in my time we had to do battle every six months with bare knuckles for a stake of 1,000dols. in the open. It requires courage and stamina to enter a prize ring with raw 'uns, knowing you have to fight and actually beat your opponent to death before you get the money. Many people have requested me to frame a new set of rules to govern championship fights; but there is no occasion for that, the Marquis of Queensberry rules for endurance are plenty good enough; what is required is a rule to force men to fight when challenged, and defend the title they lay claim to.

* * *

Johnny Walker

was a clever light weight in his day, and, though he forfeited to Billy Hayes and Bob Travers, and made a suspicious draw with Hayes, he was good enough to beat any man at his weight. He was born on the first day of the year of 1819, and fought at 9st 7lb. His first attempts in the ring were his two meetings with J. Hannan, who came off winner over Walker in both events. He subsequently beat W. Jones, £50 a-side, thirty-five rounds, 57min 30sec, Bray, Berks., June 2, 1841; Fred Mason, £60 a-side, sixty-two rounds, 1h 18min, Hanniker, Bagshot, January 18, 1842; Ned Adams, £100 a-side, forty-four rounds, 1h 23min, Bracknell, Berks, July 5, 1842; Sam Simmonds, £200 a-side, thirteen rounds, 31min, Laken Heath, Suffolk, December 15, 1846; was to have fought Tom Lane, £200 a-side, December 15, 1847, but an attack of influenza compelled him to forfeit £100 to have fight postponed.

* * *

In those times there were several real good fighting men about the same weight, and they had to fight, too, in order to secure backing for as much as £200, and such a thing as gate-money was out of the question.

Alec Keene

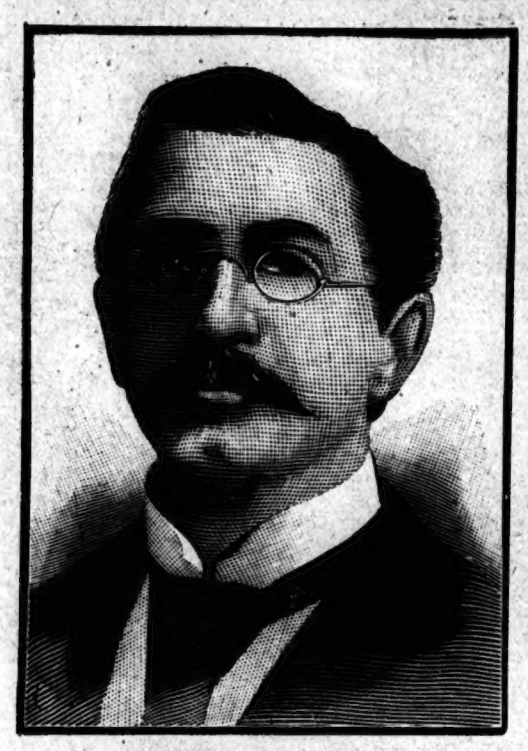
could do 9st 7lb, but was six years younger than Walker, so about the time Walker was about to be laid upon the shelf Keene cropped out. He was beaten by young Greek, on a foul blow, but shortly afterwards met W. Cain for £25 a-side, and won in fifty-nine rounds, lasting 1h 1min, at Horley, Dec. 17, 1846. Received forfeit from Grant, who was over weight, March 23, 1847; beat Joe Phelps, £100 a-side, 119 rounds, 2h 45min, Woking Common, Sept. 9, 1847; received £5 forfeit from Young Duncan, Dec. 6, 1847; beat Young Sambo Welsh, £100 a-side, six rounds, 19min., Eight Mile Bottom, Newmarket, June 20, 1848; beaten by Grant, but got the award over Hayes, £100 a-side, forty-five rounds, 1h 25min, at Forest of Dean, September 3, 1850, Hayes going down without a blow.

* * *

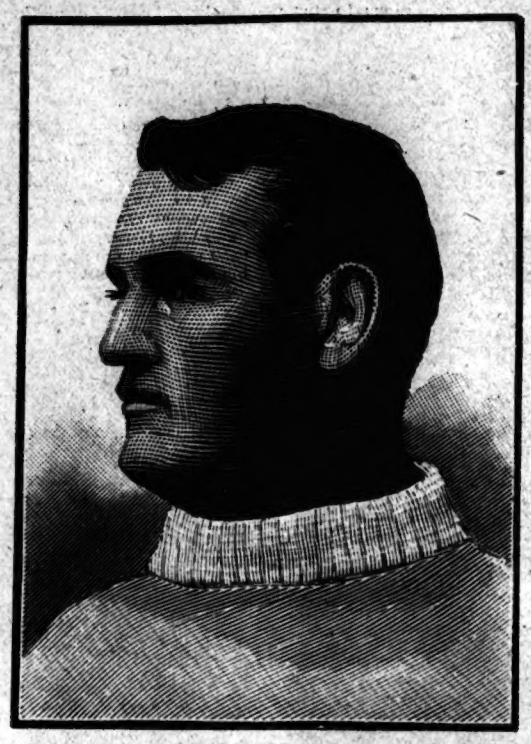
Tom King was the only champion who passed over to the majority leaving any money behind him. He was a member of the Albert Club, and made a £10,000 book. Most of the pugilists who have kicked off have been in luck to die with a good suit of clothes on their back, but such is due to an extravagant use of the winnings from the different matches. Pugilists, as a rule, look only after the day, and let the morrow take care of itself.

* * *

The feature of the meeting at the National Sporting Club, April 30, was a twenty-round glove contest between Tom Denny, of Australia, and Charley Ingram, of Woolwich, who were to box at 8st 8lb, for £25 a side, and an added purse of £25. Manager Fleming introduced several interesting three-round bouts which had a tendency to whet the appetites of the members for the principal event. Denny had behind him his brother Martin and Bob Habbijam, with Bob Start as bottle-holder; while Tom Tully and Bill Eyles acted as seconds for the Woolwich representative. Ingram was a good favourite at 6 to 4. The first round was devoted to sparring and dodging about, the men eager to size each other up. In the second round Denny landed his left on the mouth and the right on the ribs. Ingram rushed to in-fighting, but Denny would have none of this, and away he went round the ring. Ingram slashed away right and left, but his blows were lost in mid-air, and Denny did better by digging his right in the other man's ribs. The third round was all in favour of the Australian, who appeared to land and get away almost at will. Ingram stood to his guns, but he lost ground as the battle progressed, while time after time he made wild upper-cuts and blind hits in a manner that conveyed the idea that he was losing his head. The seventh round brought about quite a change in the state of affairs. Ingram rushed his man, and Denny seemed to go weak all at once. In a rally he fell to the floor, but in response to a call from his brother he rose to his feet and resumed the contest. Ingram gave him no rest, however, and Denny was a bit shaky when time was called. At the beginning of the eighth round Ingram knocked the Colonial down with a flush left-hander on the chin, and eight of the ten seconds had sped by before the visitor regained his feet. Like a good general, he then made the most of the ring, and with Ingram a bit flurried and anxious Denny was able to keep out of danger until the call of the watch-holder gave him the much-needed sixty seconds rest. Ingram tried to force matters in the ninth round, but Denny was too active, and kept out of harm's way. He was the aggressor for the



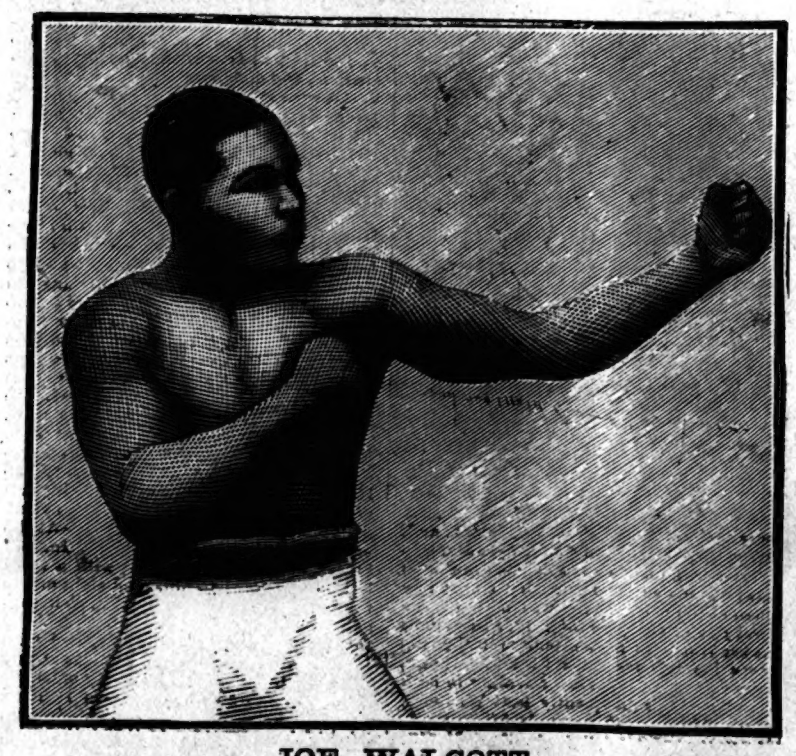
JOSEPH S. COXEY.
Leader of the Coxeyite Army of Tramps in America.



JOHN McVEY.
Wrestling Partner of J. J. Corbett.

ARTHUR G. W. WELLINGTON
A Bookmaker who backs Bill Moore, Champion Boxer.

SAM SORRELL.
A Game Young Boxer of Birmingham.



JOE WALCOTT.
Clever 10st Pugilist, who Beat Tom Tracey, at Boston.

MISS IDA HEATH.
Clever Transformation Dancer and Music Hall Favourite.

SEEN AND HEARD.

At Liverpool Assizes John Williams was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for uttering base coin.

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Two men were found in a cement kiln at East Greenwich, May 3, dead. They went to the kiln to sleep, and were suffocated.

* * *

Robert Fox, a labourer, was remanded at Belfast, charged with murdering his wife. It is alleged that during a quarrel he struck her a heavy blow on the head with some weapon.

* * *

At Esher, a jealous lover named Edwards shot Miss Elizabeth Lee in the temple, and then turning the revolver upon himself, pulled the trigger. The shot struck a vital spot and he fell over dead, Miss Lee is expected to recover.

* * *

Robert Macdonald, who beat his wife with a poker and locked her out all night, was denounced by the Southwark magistrate as a cowardly ruffian and sentenced to six months' hard labour. He lived on the woman's earnings on the streets.

* * *

Jane Nicholson, forty-five, married, of 20, Baxter Road, Islington, was remanded at Clerkenwell, charged with performing an illegal operation upon Edith Blundell, a single woman, at 25, Lauriston Road, Hackney, thereby causing her death. She has already been committed for trial on other charges.

* * *

William Martin, the betting man who assaulted Sir George Young, Bart., J.P., in a railway carriage the other day while travelling from Paddington to Maidenhead, was sentenced to two months' hard labour on May 2. The Mayor of Maidenhead publicly thanked Sir George Young on public grounds for prosecuting.

* * *

The wife of John King, a French polisher who lives at Walthamstow, is in a dangerous state, which a doctor said at Stratford Police Court might have been caused by a blow; he was doubtful if she would recover. The woman told her daughter that her husband, who is under remand, had hit her. The witness said her mother had nagged her father, and she saw him smack her face. The woman is delirious, and cannot tell her own story.

* * *

At Edinburgh, May 3, an old man named Reid, formerly an elder of the Established Church, pleaded guilty to throwing paraffin oil over his wife and setting fire to it. Accused, on his way home after a funeral, took some drink, and on reaching the house found his wife drunk and abusive. He threw oil from a paraffin lamp over her and set light to it. He burned himself in extinguishing the flames. The sentence was two months' imprisonment.

* * *

Miss Anna Lewis, a barmaid at Ilminster, recovered £80 damages before Mr. Justice Bruce for breach of promise from Mr. William Sandy, son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. The plaintiff alleged that defendant first made the promise in September, 1892, when he was under age, but that he renewed it after attaining his majority. Counsel stated that defendant gave plaintiff an engagement ring, and seduction followed.

* * *

At the London Bankruptcy Court, May 3, the first meeting of creditors was held under the failure of Harry Whiting, known as "Harry Wall the younger," the co-respondent in the divorce proceedings instituted by Mr. "Dick" Dunn, the well-bookmaker. The debtor was cast in costs to the amount of £822, which constitutes his only debt. He states that the divorce proceedings took place as far back as 1888. There was no offer, and the case was left with the Official Receiver to wind up in bankruptcy.

* * *

At Liverpool Assizes before Justice Day, Thomas Jones, twenty-four, collier, was indicted for the wilful murder of William Travis at Whiston, near St. Helen's. The men were drinking with another man named Fildes, when prisoner and Fildes quarrelled. Some time after prisoner met deceased, and saying he would do as well as Fildes struck him. Deceased fell heavily and broke his neck. Prisoner, who was a prominent football player, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentence was deferred.

* * *

The riots by the unemployed were renewed at Cleveland, U.S.A., on May 2, about 6,000 men parading the streets, breaking windows, and driving the workers out of several factories. Charges were again and again made by the police, and the mob finally fled. As the police used their bâtons freely many persons were injured. Numerous arrests were made, including that of an Anarchist named Moore, who has been daily making Anarchist speeches and inciting the mob, which is composed of foreigners—mostly Italians and Poles—to violence.

* * *

A horrible case of cruelty came before the Adderbury (Cheshire) magistrates, and it cannot be alleged that they showed undue severity. George and Mary Stephens, husband and wife, were charged with illtreating a child, an illegitimate son of the man. It was tied to a chair by a scarf round the waist and a piece of rope round its neck. It was dirty and emaciated, ravenous for food, and altogether in a deplorable condition. The child had its collar-bone broken, but the doctor did not think that was caused by violence. He wondered that it was alive, as its condition was horrible. The justices sent the woman to goal for three months' hard labour, and fined the man £2.

* * *

A terrible series of murders has taken place at San Benedetto del Tronto, where a man named Cameli attacked with a knife Signor Milani and killed him. Cameli subsequently murdered the entire family of his victim, consisting of Milani's wife, his daughter, her husband, and a servant. He then attempted to commit suicide, but was arrested by the police before he could carry out his intention. Camell has confessed that he killed Milani, with whom he was friendly, because Milani had denounced him to the police as a dangerous individual, and had thereby prevented him from obtaining permission to keep a drinking shop.

* * *

Walter Press, a clerk in the City, who lived at Herne Hill, and occasionally travelled, had a wife, and a lodger named Entwhistle. It was acknowledged in the Divorce Court that Mrs. Press and the lodger had been unduly intimate, and a charge of cruelty against the husband having been disproved, a decree nisi, with £200 costs against Entwhistle, was granted, the husband to retain the custody of the children. As the parties were leaving the court a struggle took place in the corridor between Press and the woman for the possession of a little boy who had accompanied her to the court. She eventually succeeded in getting away with the child.

* * *

A shooting affray occurred at Bradford May 2, in which a young man named Albert Devine received injuries which are expected to terminate fatally His assailant is an Italian organ grinder named Antonio Boire, who lives at Dewsbury. Devine was at the Royal Sovereign Inn, Mount Street, with others, when Boire entered. A scuffle took place, in the course of which the Italian alleges that the injured man and his companions tried to rob him, knocking him down, and rifling 50s. from his pockets. Boire, it is alleged, produced a revolver and fired at Devine, the bullet penetrating the latter's abdomen. Boire was at once arrested, and Devine was conveyed to the infirmary, where it was found necessary to take his deposition.

* * *

The Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society communicated to Reuter's Agency a despatch from Mr. Ainsworth, the Imperial British East Africa Company's administrator in Mackako's district, 250 miles inland from Mombasa. This despatch, dated 31st January, gives details of considerable slave dealing in and around Kikuyu. The victims are mainly women and children raided from a small tribe of the Masai, the men being either killed or driven off. It having come to the knowledge of the administrator that hundreds of women were on sale at Kikuyu, in exchange for goats, he took immediate steps to block the roads leading to that spot. When sold in small numbers to the Wakamba, at the price of only a few goats, a good trade was done by these natives in re-selling them to Arab and Swahili traders, whose caravans are always to be found in the country. When once absorbed into these caravans there is little difficulty in conveying them to the east, whence they can be smuggled to the various profitable markets still open in the British protectorate of Zanzibar and Pemba. Within the last few months Mr. Ainsworth has been instrumental in rescuing more than 100 of the wretched slaves, but the traffic will never entirely cease so long as the status of slavery is recognised in Zanzibar.

Owing to the fact that the hands of the paper wished to knock off from work to-day on account of the show, we issued to-day's paper yesterday.

STAGE TALK.

Now that the London season is on, opera will be in fashion for the next two months. It is a harvest for the men who keep close run on established operas, because a little cheek stirred into stolen plots and airs will frequently produce a mixture which will catch the public taste.

* * *

Tenor singers are, of course, at a premium, and while a short time ago they would be ready to accept any reasonable salary, it is now a case of the manager

Pleading on Bended Knees

to the very men whom a few months since he would have deigned to recognise for even a pass to the theatre.

* * *

What price the chorus girls? Their salaries may be low, but oh! my, how the swells will flock around! Imagine one weighing 14 stone or over

Sitting in a Swell's Lap.

and particularly if the swell is below 8st in weight.

Fine feathers make fine birds, and a little paint and powder cleverly used will produce a beautiful complexion; besides, it will wipe out the traces of old age. Swells admire anyone who appears before the public, and, however, much the women may have to make up, it cuts but a trivial figure with their admirers.

* * *

Had James J. Corbett shown in a smaller theatre at lower prices he would have scored a grand success, but as it stands, indications point toward an unprofitable season at the National Theatre. It may appear rough on the American Company, because Bob Gaylor, Florrie West and Corbett are well worth going to see. Bobby's Celtic wit is a hit with those who have seen, or at least, heard him, and the same may be said of Miss West; as for Corbett's exhibition of punching the ball, it surpasses anything heretofore seen in this country.

* * *

The last young lady of the Gaiety Theatre who has been led to the hymeneal altar is Miss Millie Hylton. The interesting event took place at St. George's Church, the happy bridegroom being Mr. Harry Clulow Sim, a young gentleman of means and position. Mr. Malone, the stage manager of the Gaiety, gave the fair "Don Juan" away, while Mr. A Playfair played the part of best The wedding breakfast was served a Grand Hotel, where Mr. George Ed and Mr. Arthur Roberts seized the o tunity to deliver some felicitous rec before dispatching the newly-married to Brighton, where the honeymoon being spent.

* * *

Nat Goodwin, America's favourite com dian, has just closed a successful season the States, having cleared over £6,000. H will shortly visit London for a brief sta of pleasure, previous to arranging for coming season's tour.

* * *

Bobby Gaylor stars in a farce comedy the States next season. It is cal "Sport McAllister." William A. Brady the financial backer of the show, a Gaylor works on a percentage of t profits.

* * *

James J. Corbett and William A. Brad will be partners in all the latter's enter prises in the States next season.

* * *

R. G. Knowles will shortly return fron the provinces, and will again appear at the Tivoli and other London music halls.

* * *

Miss Jennie Lee, reported dead some time ago, is playing a farewell engagement at Sydney, N.S.W., and will shortly return to England. During her five years' stay in the Colonies her impersonation of Jo, the crossing-sweeper, in "Bleak House," has been her mainstay.

* * *

Bobby Gaylor, who appears in the garden scene of "Gentleman Jack," at Drury Lane, comes honestly by his wit. His father was a Kilkenny man, and emigrated to the States many years ago. Bobby was born in America, and, curious to say, displays a richer brogue than his father could ever boast of. Bobby is about as quaint off the stage as he is on, and we shall have the pleasure of seeing him perform at some of our music halls next summer. He was a visitor to The Mirror of Life office May 3, and expressed himself as being highly pleased with the journal, as being the spiciest sporting paper extant.

* * *

Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter is about to return to America by way of San Francisco in the course of six or eight weeks, and will play in a number of towns on the Pacific Coast before going to New York. At least this is the promise made in a letter from her manager to New York managers. The manager in question, by the way, is Kyrle Bellew, who is still working industriously in Mrs. Potter's behalf. Though the public in New York, Boston, London, and Cape Town did not rave over Mrs. Potter, she got an extraordinary reception in India, where she could play six or seven months a year to exceedingly profitable business. Hence she will hereafter always include a tour in India in her season's work. There was much talk, during the last appearance of Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in New York, about his indifference to her and his almost brutal manner in dealing with her. It was then predicted that he would go out and star on his own account shortly after the close of his New York engagement. The prediction was apparently awry, for Mrs. Potter is unquestionably boss of the combination at the present time. Mr. Bellew is stage manager, business manager, and chief actor of the company, but he works very industriously in the interest of the star.

JOE WALCOTT.

Clever 10st Pugilist, who Beat Tom Tracey, at Boston.

(With Portrait.)

Joe Walcott's easy victory over Tom Tracey, the Australian, at Boston, recently, stamps him one of the best 10st fighters of the present day. Walcott has, during the past four years, scored many victories in the ring against good pugilists, and stands prepared to fight any man in the world at 10st for a suitable sum of money and the championship.

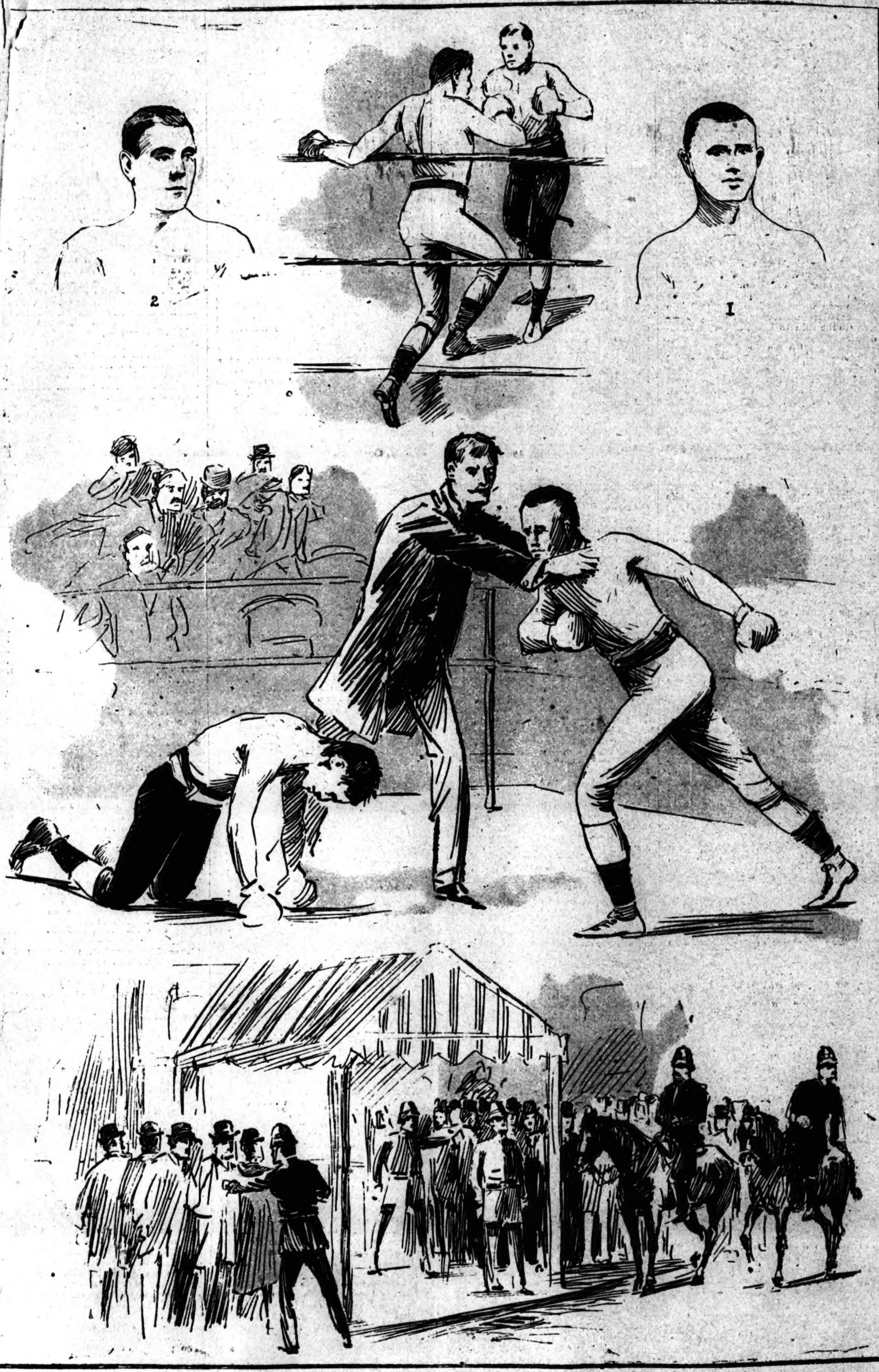
Walcott is a clever two-handed fighter and a punishing hitter. It is possible he may visit this country in the autumn to seek a match with the best 10st man in England.

JOSEPH S. COXEY.

Leader of the Coxeyite Army of Tramps in America.

(With Portrait.)

Joseph S. Coxey is a much advertised man in the United States. It was due to his efforts that the tramp army was organised to proceed to Washington to have reparation for imaginary grievances. The lawless set of vagabonds, under the guise of Coxeyites, have committed depredations in various portions of the country. The movement has been the means of flooding the capital city with vagabonds who wouldn't work were it offered them. The prompt action on the part of the authorities in the various cities has doubtless prevented many serious crimes.



BURGE DEFEATS NICKLESS IN 28 ROUNDS.

No 1. Dick Burge, 10st Champion. No. 2. Harry Nickless. No. 3. The Referee Restrains Burge from Committing a Foul. No. 4. The Police Protect the Entrance.

three succeeding rounds, and though he tried repeatedly to get in heavy blows, he invariably fell short of striking a vital spot.

Denny "came again" in remarkable fashion, and his smartness enabled him to set at nought the efforts of Ingram to put on the finishing touch. Now and again the Australian put in a warm counter that showed he still had a dangerous hit in him. Ingram's efforts of the last three rounds had made him slow, and as they stood up for the fifteenth time it was anybody's fight. Denny improved as they went on, and more than once he looked like springing a mine on the Britisher. Twice he brought the right across with a power most people thought had some time previously left him. Fortunately for Ingram Denny was too round, but the odds which had increased on the Woolwich man fell a point as they stood up for the seventeenth round. Again the wheel of fortune turned round, as after some level work Denny shook his man with a nasty left-handed hook hit on the chin. He followed this up with a hard rap on Ingram's head just as time was called. As they faced each other for the eighteenth, and what proved to be the last, round, Denny was, if anything, the stronger of the two. He took the initiative at once and again hooked his man on the chin. Ingram did not relish this treatment, so he broke ground. Denny, however, was quickly after him, and feinting with the left he brought the other glove across with such effect that the Woolwich man was counted out half-way through the round.

* * *

"Arthur Valentine is one of our cleverest men at 9st 6lb," said a prominent handler of pugilists the other night, "and can whip any man of even weight, providing they aim for Arthur's head. Every fighter has a weak spot, and once a man can find that portion of the anatomy, he can surely stop his opponent. Valentine's weak place is the ribs, in the region of the heart, and it only requires about two good punches there to settle him. The majority of the pugilists aim for the head, but that is a mistake. Let a man pay strict attention to the body, and it won't take many rounds before he makes his antagonist drop his hands, and once that is accomplished, a few raps on the jaw will bring matters to a focus.

"Give me a body fighter in preference to the man who continually tries to land on the head. It's the body punches that practically settle most of the fights, and if fighters would only stop to reason it out they would readily acknowledge the truth of what I say."

* * *

The twelve-round glove contest between Joe Willson, of Leicester, and Arthur Valentine, of Lambeth, at Raglan Music Hall, April 30, for a purse of £50, terminated in a very unsatisfactory manner, because the Leicester man was disqualified for resorting to clinching tactics. The mere fact of a man hugging is hardly sufficient grounds to warrant a disqualification; but referees of modern times have rather a peculiar interpretation of the Queensberry rules, which actually places a good infighter at a decided disadvantage. A man can display as much cleverness at close quarters as he can at long range, and men should never be judged clinched where one of the pugilists is capable of operating on the head or body with one or both hands. A fighter will seldom, if ever, clinch his opponent if he finds he is up against a good in-fighter, and short arm work should be encouraged as much as fighting at long range.

Willson was "beefy," and far from being in condition, whilst Valentine, too, might have been in better "fettle." The Leicester man started off a favourite, but odds promptly shifted on the London man when the pair shaped up. Very little was accomplished in the opening round, but on coming up for the second Valentine opened proceedings with a left flush on the mouth. Lively exchanges followed, Willson banging the right on the mark and the left on the face. Then, going after his rival, Valentine pinned him on the ropes, and sent both gloves with good effect on the head. Willson was a bit slow, and many of his leads were out of distance. The third round started off tamely, Valentine finally landing heavily on the mouth. A clinch followed, and then Valentine, holding his opponent round the waist with the left, kept banging him on the ribs with his right. Willson, who had so far been a bit slow, was very lively at the commencement of the succeeding bout, and they soon commenced work at a tremendous pace. Valentine pasted his opponent severely about the body. The Leicester man fairly hung on his opponent, but this did him no good, as Valentine kept pounding away at him, and he had a lot the best of some lively work. Seeing his opponent a bit weary, Valentine lost no time in going for him, and he at once drove Willson from him with a swinging right on the jaw. This took a lot of the steam out of Willson, who seemed much in need of a rest. As he rushed in and cuddled his rival, however, Valentine got in both hands heavily on the mark, and he was holding a big lead when time arrived. Willson, who looked flushed, was the recipient of a straight left on the nose when they came up for the sixth round, and this filling him somewhat he rushed in wildly and flung both hands wide of the head. This was apparently his last effort, for finding his blows did not reach their intended destination he simply laid on Valentine, and hugging the Lambeth youth round the neck he simply would not let go of him. The outcome of this was that the referee at last got in the ring, and when order had been restored he announced that Willson was disqualified.

The winner was seconded by his brother Albert and Dick Roberts, while George Willson and Bill Hatcher looked after Willson.

In a six-round contest Mike Sullivan bested C. Meacock, and was given the award.

* * *

There are many aspirants in the States for light-weight championship honours, and it is doubtful if the question will be settled this year. Jack McAuliffe claims the title, but declines challenges to fight, intimating that he has retired from finish fighting. If he declines a *bona fide* challenge he must certainly relinquish all claim to the title. The others who aspire for honours in that class are Stanton Abbott, Austin S. Gibbons, Horace Leeds, Bob Dobbs, the coloured man whom Abbott declined to fight, and Jimmy Dime, who received a forfeit from Abbott. Probably Dime and Dobbs are best entitled to claim premiership in that class, but according to the way they do regard fighters in America, the title is decidedly open, and one man would have to whip each and everyone of the aspirants before he could be acknowledged by the public as the undisputed champion.

* * *

Jack Christian, of Stepney, put a quietus on W. Reman, of Lambeth, in the fourth round of a six-round contest at Bill Lee's gymnasium, Bermondsey, April 28. Harry Lane of Bermondsey, and Gilbert Brown, of Walworth, were to have boxed six rounds, but the latter injured his right arm in the opening round and retired.

* * *

Bill Jarratt, of Peckham, was floored twice in the fourth round of a six-round set-to by G. Wink, of Walworth, at Hollier's Gymnasium, Peckham, April 28. Jarratt knew when he had enough and wisely gave in.

* * *

Bill Taylor was tendered a benefit at the North Middlesex Hall, Edmonton, April 30, when two six-round contests and an 8st 6lb competition formed the features of the programme. In the competition Jack Pell and Tom Bird fell in for the final bout. The last-named displayed the most science and secured a lead which entitled him to the victory. Bert Gooch, of Wood Green, found that Bill Tillett, of Tottenham, possessed too many guns for him, and when Tillett knocked him down in the opening round Gooch deemed it prudent to lie there till he was counted out. J. Anderson, of Spitalfields, secured a verdict over Jack Gover, of Edmonton, after six well-contested rounds.

* * *

Bill Berwish promoted two glove contests at the Duke of York Boxing and Athletic Club, Limehouse, April 30. In a six-round battle Bill Izard, of Mile End, outsparred Harry Hutchins, of Stepney, and was given the award. F. Waller, of Poplar, and Jack Stone, of Stepney, were to have boxed eight rounds of two minutes duration each, but Waller forced the pace so in the sixth round that Stone held out his hand and cried enough.

* * *

At the Kennington Club, April 28, Tom Phillips was beaten by Ted Bevington in an eight-round glove fight for a purse. In a ten-round battle Tom Rutt was given the award over Bill Wise after the full number of rounds had been contested.

HAD TO BE CUT OUT.

The Sad Plight of a Labourer who Sought Entrance through a Chimney.

(Subject of Illustration.)

They seem to be rather short of sleeping accommodation in Newcastle-on-Tyne. But even the homeless wanderer might do better than poor John Quinn, a labourer, who found himself in a peculiar fix the other night. Even, however, if feather beds are scarce, even if it will not quite run to a humble "rope," or a modest shake-down in an obscure corner, it is just as well to steer clear of chimney stacks. On April 28, the individual aforesaid thought fit to pass the dark hours before the dawn in the friendly shelter of a blacksmith's shop where he worked. He went down the chimney to get there. Quinn proposed but the architect of the chimney disposed. The line was not "all clear." Half way down the traveller stuck fast. He was unable to move. Nice position for a labourer who merely required forty winks! Early in the morning a boy heard cries coming from the chimney. He called a policeman. The chimney had to be demolished before the victim could be extricated from his very tight place. He was helpless from exhaustion. No wonder. What if he had not been able to call out? But he will go in by the door next time.

COMMON GOSSIP.

A profit of £880,000 on a capital of £1,200,000 remains this year to the shareholders of the Monte Carlo gambling company. Last year the profits were greater, and £20 shares were quoted at £100; yesterday they were down to £85. The directors announced their decision to pay a dividend of £7 per share, which with the interest coupon of £1 per share paid every November after the half-yearly meeting, brings the total revenue to £8 per share. £480,000 will, therefore, be divided among the shareholders, leaving £400,000 for working expenses. Out of this latter sum £50,000 goes to the Prince of Monaco. £40,000 has also been added to the reserve fund. Another fixed item on the debit side of the account is the £30,000 to the subventioned Press.

* * *

In a house in Cross Street, Dudley, Honor O'Rourke was found lying unconscious in the kitchen in a pool of blood. She died soon. Deceased's two sons, Patrick and James, were accused by their sister of having killed her mother. They were arrested and charged with the murder.

* * *

A man named Aregg has been sentenced to death at Berne for murdering his daughter, Herminie, aged sixteen. She had been taken from her parents, who were drunkards, by order of the authorities, and placed in a situation as a domestic servant. Aregg was accompanying her, and on the road a quarrel arose, during which the father cut her throat. Subsequently he exchanged his victim's clothes for coffee and brandy at an inn. He confessed his crime, and manifested the most complete cynicism.

* * *

A Bordeaux married man went to a woman with whom he had had illicit relations with the object of inducing her to resume the intrigue, and, on her refusal, made a savage attack on her with a pruning knife, fracturing her skull and breaking an arm and several ribs. A woman who interposed received stabs which are considered likely to prove fatal. The principal victim was taken to the hospital, where she expired after giving birth to a dead child.

* * *

It was a miserable story of married life which Mrs. Cain unfolded in the Divorce Court, May 1. She was married at Leamington in 1886. The following year her husband took £1,000 of her money and enlisted. She bought him out, and he sold her jewels and left her again and enlisted. Again she gave him a chance and again he left her and took her money. After listening to this sordid tale of desertion, disease, and infidelity his lordship pronounced a decree nisi.

* * *

Mrs. Gade's sister has caused trouble in the family. She came to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Gade, at Lutterworth, and one evening the wife, being suspicious, went downstairs and discovered her husband and her sister with their hands interlocked. Mr. Gade afterwards confessed to misconduct, and at the divorce court a decree nisi was pronounced.

* * *

A Bristol solicitor named Daniell, in petitioning for a divorce, said he married in July, 1881, and was happy till 1886, when his wife had to go to Edinburgh to undergo an operation. There she made the acquaintance of the co-respondent, Robert Nicol, who was at the time a medical student. In 1889 the co-respondent visited Bristol, and together with the petitioner's wife issued a pamphlet respecting Socialism and on the relations of Messrs. Fry with their workmen. To this he greatly objected. Owing to the objection his wife left his house, and went to live in the slums of Bristol, preaching the Socialistic propoganda together with the co-respondent and a Miss Born. He didn't then think there had been any improper relations between them. In August, 1890, the respondent, co-respondent, and Miss Born went to America. He wrote to Boston, and received a reply, in which his wife said she considered "free love was better than legalised marriage." He also received a letter from Nicol, in which he stated that they had been living together for some time and had one child, named Sunrise Nicol.

Mr. Justice Barnes granted a decree nisi with costs.

JOHN McVEY.

Wrestling Partner of J. J. Corbett.

(With Portrait.)

John McVey is the Maxey Splash in the "Gentleman Jack" Company. His massive build and heavy voice enable him to portray the part of a tough man to perfection. McVey's first attempt as an actor is the Drury Lane appearance, and he creditably acquits himself in the part he takes.

McVey is a clever wrestler and trainer, and acts in that capacity with Billy Delaney, in preparing Corbett for the latter's matches.

PENAL SERVITUDE FOR ANARCHISTS.

The Anarchist trial was concluded at the Old Bailey, May 4, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, and it did not take the jury many seconds to return a verdict of guilty.

The prisoners were brought to the front of the dock and asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them. Fornaro, speaking in low, earnest tones, replied, "I have to say that Polti knew nothing about this," and went on to declare that the younger prisoner had acted throughout as his agent, and in ignorance of the purpose for which the explosive materials were intended. "Polti did not know what to ask for," Fornaro added, "and the consequence is that the machines are useless for the purpose for which I intended them." Polti, who seemed almost unable to articulate, said, "I have to say that I am innocent, that is all."

Then there was a pause, broken only when the judge in solemn accents proceeded to pass sentence.

"You, Giuseppe Fornaro," said his lordship, "pleaded guilty to a vile, abominable, wicked, and cruel design to cause explosions in this country." It was well that people like the prisoners should understand that it was not necessary for an explosion to take place before the law could touch them, and that they could not with impunity come to this country and prepare explosives and bombs for the destruction of people abroad. The law was strong, and when the law was broken it must be rigidly enforced, for the purpose of showing people who contemplated such cruelty as Fornaro had intended that if they were convicted in an English court of justice they must expect condign punishment. "For the crime that you have been guilty of," his lordship concluded in stern and impressive accents, "I condemn you to be kept in penal servitude for a term of twenty years." Raising his right hand, and speaking rapidly, but not very loudly, Fornaro cried in Italian, "Long live Anarchy."

Two warders instantly seized him and compelled him to sit down while Polti stood forward. With regard to Polti, his lordship did not believe what Fornaro had said in his behalf. If he were not an equal accomplice with Fornaro, he was at least a very willing tool, and after making every possible allowance for his youth and inexperience, his lordship could not inflict upon him a smaller sentence than that he be kept in penal servitude for ten years. "Shame! shame!" Polti hoarsely cried, and then he was instantly hurried from the dock. Fornaro was permitted to remain to speak to the interpreter. "He says, my lord," translated Mr. Steiner, "that you make the laws now, but we shall make them another day."

LABOUR TROUBLES IN AMERICA.

The hope that the worst of the trouble in the Pennsylvania coke region was passed has been rudely dispelled. There has been further desperate rioting, and the situation in several districts is very grave. Organised assaults upon the workers took place May 4, at many works. The most serious affray, however, was at Scottdale, and it was commenced, as upon a previous occasion in that district, by the women—the wives, sisters, and daughters of the strikers.

Several hundreds of these determined, strong-minded, and muscular females started out early on the morning of May 4, proclaiming their resolve to drive the blacklegs out of M'Clure's works as a preliminary to the clearing of the entire district of the men who, they believe, alone stand in the way of the speedy and complete victory of the strikers. On arriving at the works the women found the main gates held by a strong force of deputy marshals, with drilled blacklegs in reserve. The women called upon the latter to quit work, and, it is alleged, were answered with jeers. Thus exasperated, and encouraged by their male folk, who had followed close behind them, the women advanced. They had not proceeded more than a yard or two when a shot was fired. This was the signal for the strikers, who at once swooped down upon the deputy-marshals. The latter fired a volley, which laid low several of the rioters, but they pressed on, and soon a desperate hand-to-hand fight was in progress.

The strikers managed to drag out the manager of the works and the chief bookkeeper of the firm, their pet aversions, and these unfortunate men were bludgeoned and kicked in a frightful manner by male and female rioters alike. The strikers were finally beaten off, leaving three of their number mortally wounded on the ground, while many were less seriously injured.

The manager died of the injuries inflicted upon him, and the bookkeeper is in a bad way. Fighting is now proceeding in other districts, but no details are yet to hand. It is announced, however, that further reinforcements of troops are being sent into the disturbed localities.

SHE MADE THEM APOLOGISE.

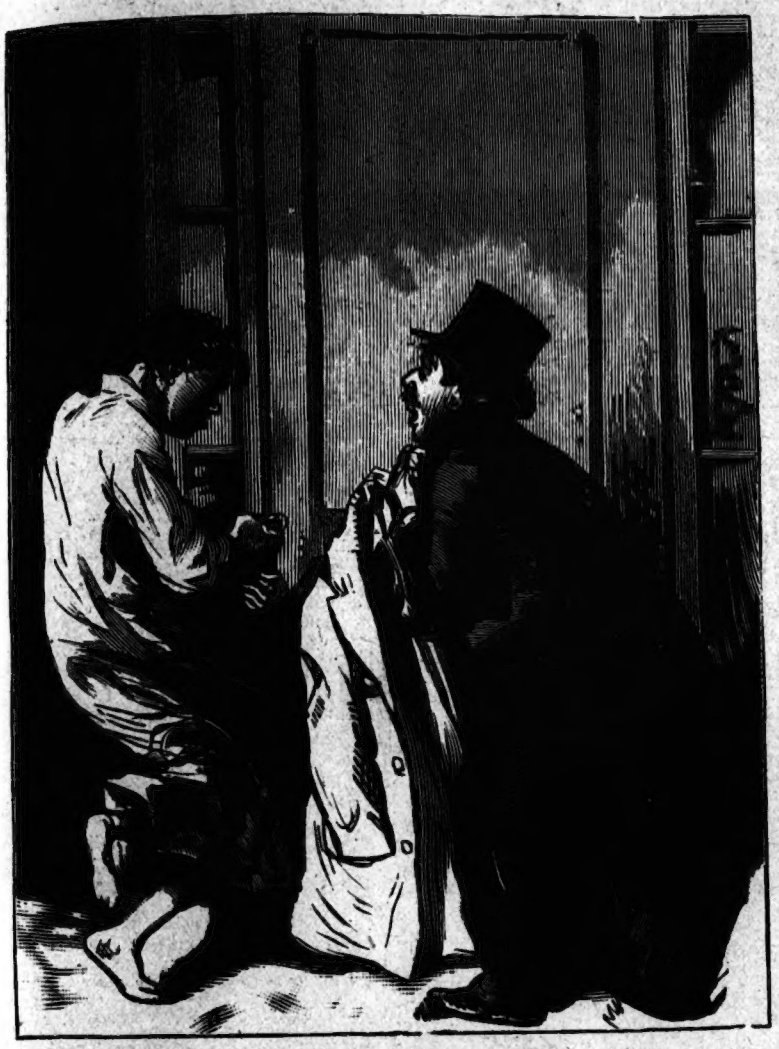
A St. Louis Girl who Knew How to Handle Vagabonds.

CUSTOMS OFFICERS RIDICULED.

An Irishman's Wit Enables Him to Smuggle Tobacco.

THE DALTON GANG WIPED OUT.

Bill Dalton Reported as Killed in Oklohoma.



SPRING LOCK SHUT HIM OUT.

An Incident which a Putney Man Experienced.

"TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING."

How a Lady Rewarded a Bank Clerk for not Damanding Identification.

LOOKING FOR PAINTED CHEEKS.

A Staid Old Merchant who Objected to Engaging Girls who Used Face Paint.

MISS IDA HEATH.

Clever Transformation Dancer and Music Hall Favourite.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Ida Heath is conceded to be pre-eminent as a transformation dancer, and has become a favourite with the patrons of the Music Halls. She was born at Hamburg, of English parents, twenty years ago, and through her parents being professional performers, Miss Ida naturally displayed a desire for stage fame. She made her début as a dancer at Constantinople, in 1882, and since then has appeared before audiences in all parts of the world. Being possessed of a sweet voice she has sung in Italian, French, German, Hungarian, Polish, and English with success.

Miss Heath is capable of speaking seven different languages fluently. Her severe dancing has somewhat affected her voice, though to-day she is capable of rendering a song fully as well as the majority of the present day singers.

Her transformation dancing is an innovation entirely original with herself, and her rapid changes from girl to boy and boy to girl are truly marvellous and highly appreciated by the public. Few people who see her perform nightly at the Tivoli, Royal, and Canterbury music-halls would credit the amount of travelling Miss Heath has done, and the brilliant successes she has scored in the foreign countries. She has visited and performed in every portion of the world where there is a theatre, and could play profitable return engagements wherever she has been.

THINGS WE WISH TO AVOID.

A few Incidents liable to Occur in the Best of Regulated Families.

(Subject of Illustration.)

As we journey through life we are frequently placed in unpleasant positions, and sometimes called upon to perform tasks of an odious nature which we would much prefer to avoid. The commonest of all is to entertain a mother-in-law who swoops down upon your household like a vampire to squeeze the very life out of your purse and larder, and then complain because there is not more at her disposal.

It's not pleasant to make a business or social call and have the mistress of the house request you to kiss some dirty-faced baby, just because she thinks it "too sweet for anything," neither is it nice to waltz with a large stout woman, who throws her whole weight on your arms, and have her request you to go a little faster. Getting deluded into buying ice cream for your best girl is common enough, but you can't avoid toeing the mark; it is like attending church and being requested to lead the meeting in prayer. We have to slave ourselves moving furniture about house cleaning time; but that is an annual occurrence, and you naturally expect it. You like to avoid having a friend strike you for the loan of a ten-pound note, and declare if you saw him first he would never see you. Lend him the money, and you'll never see him if he catches first glimpse of you.

It's not nice to come home and find you have become the father of twins; but what price the joker whose wife presents him with triplets or a quartette of squalling "kids?" Probably the worst predicament to be placed in is to have a summons to attend court and acknowledge paternity to a child. Well, you try hard to squirm out of it, but your chances are slim against the testimony of a young woman who can shed a few tears when telling a story. We can't always have our pathway strewn with roses, and we therefore hope at all times to have our odious tasks made as pleasant as possible.

THEY PREFERRED THE FEMALE BARBER.

A Pretty Girl Monopolises the Trade of a Hairdressing Parlour.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It is poor policy for a man running a hair-dressing parlour to have a woman working at one chair and men at the others, because ever since Miss Chettle has sued Wicks the male sex have sought female barbers to operate on them—more, perhaps, out of curiosity than anything else. At a swell hairdressing parlour the proprietor secured the services of a lady barber to put the experiment to a test, and he has found it rather a poor stroke of business. His other chairs are idle the best portion of the time, whilst it is frequently the case that half-a-dozen will wait their turn for the lady to shave them. Yes; she has plenty to do, and she is the only one who is kept continually busy. Old men, who should possess better sense, will wait for an hour or more just to have the lady shave them, and it is not a shave only, but a hair cut, whether there is any hair to cut or not, and besides a shampoo. It appears to make them feel young again to have a pretty young woman fondle their face and head. Either the young woman will have to go or else the proprietor will be forced to put women to work at the other chairs.

THE DALTON GANG WIPED OUT.

Bill Dalton Reported as Killed in Oklahoma.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A report has been received at Perry, Oklohoma, to the effect that a battle has occurred between United States Marshals and six members of the famous Dalton gang, headed by Bill Dalton.

The fight is reported to have taken place 68 miles south-east of Perry, near a town called Ingalls, near the line dividing the Creek Indian Reservation from Oklohoma.

Bill Dalton, Bill Doolan, "Bitter Creek Kid," "Three-Fingered Jack" Boone, and two unknown allies constituted the outlawed gang, and a posse of eight United States deputy marshals were headed by City Marshal William Tilghman, of Perry, and Heck Thomas, Assistant City Marshal. Both men are commissioned deputies under United States Marshal Nix, and are known from the Gulf to Nebraska as men of unerring aim and iron nerve. The fight had been brewing for some time, and the disposition and determination of both parties were so well known to the people of the territory that nothing less than the bloodiest of battles was looked for at any time.

Bill Dalton is a brother of the famous Daltons, two of whom were killed at Coffeyville, Kan., one in California, and one in the Creek country, near Fort Smith, Ark. They were cousins of the Youngers, who terrorised Missouri so long, and were all "killers" and men of most desperate and daring character.

It was the gang which is now reported as exterminated that plundered the depôt at Woodward, Okla, some weeks ago, obtaining 10,000 dols. Their crimes are too numerous to mention. Over fifty murders are laid to them.

The news that they have been wiped out creates great rejoicing in Oklahoma and adjoining States.

Tilghman, who is alleged to have led the fight with Heck Thomas, was formerly City Marshal of Dodge City, Kan.

Bill Dalton was stationed behind rocks and shot to death several of the marshals who were trying to capture him alive. An Indian, who got in the rear by a circuitous route, shot Dalton from behind, and on advancing to the spot where the dead outlaw lie, he called the party of marshals who had not been injured to the spot to see that the lawless man was really dead. The outlaw lay prone on his back, and must have died almost instantly after being hit.

STOLEN SWEETS.

A Girl who Appreciated the Kisses, but Wanted Money, Too.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Alfred Haywood, a mineral-water merchant, of Bayswater, surrendered to bail, before Mr. Curtis-Bennett, at West London, to answer a charge of indecently assaulting Georgina Oliver.—Mr. D. Nimmo, representing the National Vigilance Association, appeared for the prosecution; Mr. John Haynes defended.—The prosecutrix, a young woman, describing herself as a domestic servant, said she was eighteen years of age. On the 21st of April she entered the defendant's service as a general servant. On the night of the 25th ult. she was asleep in bed. A girl named Lucy Newbold slept in another bed in the same room. Witness went to bed about half-past ten o'clock, and fell asleep directly. She was awakened at about two o'clock in the morning by a noise, and then saw the prisoner standing at her bedroom door with a light in his hand. First of all he asked, "Is my Cissy here?" Witness replied, "No, sir" (Cissy was the name of a little girl). The prisoner then came up to the bed and kissed witness several times. Witness said, "Leave me alone, please," and the prisoner then assaulted her. Witness tried to keep him away, but had difficulty in preventing his getting into the bed. Witness called out, "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" Lucy Newbold then woke up and called out, "What's the matter, Olly?" Mr. Hayward was still at the bed and said, "Hush, be quiet. You woke the girl." He then went away. Before he went out of the room the prisoner hid himself behind a chest of drawers near the door and put out the lamp. Directly he had left the room witness rushed across and got into the other girl's bed. The prisoner returned to the room two or three minutes later, touched the bed and asked to be given some matches. Witness said she had not got any, and the other girl remarked, "It's only Mr. Haywood." He again asked for some matches, and witness told him to go and ask Mrs. Haywood for them. The prisoner then left the room, and again returned in two or three minutes with Mrs. Haywood and a light. Mrs. Haywood said, "What business had you in the servants' room?" He replied, "I came to see if my Cissy was here." Witness thought the prisoner had been drinking heavily, but he was not drunk. Newbold said to Mrs. Haywood, "Oh, do take him upstairs." They then both went out, and witness told Newbold all about it. She also told Mrs. Haywood about it the next morning as soon as she saw her, and from what she said witness went to the police.—Cross-examined by Mr. Haynes, the witness said that when she was engaged by Mrs Haywood she told her she was getting on for twenty; she was positive she did not say she was twenty-three. She was positive that her mistress did not tell her on the 24th of April that she was to leave at the end of the month. She did not tell her that until the 26th, when witness returned from the County Court, and Mrs. Haywood said she would not have all the talk about Mr. Haywood, adding that it was disgraceful. Witness had been to the county court to summon her former mistress for wages and lost the day. On the night of the occurrence an old gentleman was sleeping overhead, and Mr. and Mrs. Haywood slept in the room above him. Witness had heard of a little girl named Ida, who was in Cornwall, but did not know that when she was in town she slept in the room where witness was sleeping. At the time prisoner came into her room he was wearing a blue coat, not an overcoat, but he had taken off his hat and boots. There was a lock to her bedroom door, but no key. When the prisoner was there she was too frightened to scream.—Mr. Haynes suggested that the prisoner woke up the prosecutrix by shaking her shoulder and asking where his little girl was, and asking for some matches, also that Mrs. Haywood appeared upon the scene immediately.—The prosecutrix denied all this.—In further cross-examination the witness said she should never have thought of coming to the court about the matter unless it had occurred again had it not been for the advice which her mistress gave her on the evening of the 26th of April.—Mr. Haynes: Did you say to Lucy Newbold that if you got any money out of the job you would divide it with her?—The prosecutrix: No, I said to her, "I daresay we will get some money."—Mr. Curtis-Bennett: Did you mean that you would get some money by making this charge?—The prosecutrix: Yes.—Mr. Haynes: What did you expect to get?—The prosecutrix: I thought I should have a little money for his kissing me?—Mr. Haynes: Now what was it you said to Lucy Newbold?—The prosecutrix: I said, "I daresay he will get punished for it, and we might have some money each. I daresay we will get some money, even with the kisses, and we might get some for the other.—Mr. Haynes: And you were to give her some?—The Prosecutrix: I should have halved it if I had got it.—Mr. Curtis Bennett: After that evidence I am sure no jury would convict.—Mr. Nimmo pressed to be allowed to call further evidence.—The prosecutrix, being further cross-examined, said that when she was employed at 12, Oxford Gardens, she had never had any men in the house. She afterwards admitted that on one occasion a man was seen in the kitchen, but she denied that he was a police-constable. She said he was a photographer who called on business, but afterwards she admitted that it was a constable.—Lucy Newbold, when called, said that the prosecutrix said nothing to her on the same night about what had happened. Subsequently she said, "If I get anything over this we will go halves in it."—Mr. Curtis-Bennett said that no jury would convict the prisoner, and he discharged him.

A NOVEL BURGLAR'S TRAP.

"I went one night," said the retired burglar, "into the room of a man who had his clothes stacked up on a chair alongside the bed, with the trousers thrown on top in in a careless sort of way, as though he had been too tired or too lazy to straighten 'em out. The right-hand pocket looked inviting, and I reached into it. There was a pocket-book there, but when I tried to pull it out my hand was held on the sharp point of a dozen wires.

"You've seen those mousetraps with little cone-shaped wire tunnels for the mouse to run his head into? He can get his head in easily enough, but when he wants to pull it out the ends of the wires stick into his head and neck and hold him. Well, this man had fixed up a contrivance like that in his pocket. I could have freed myself by taking a little time and using a little more patience, but I said to myself 'Why not carry the trousers off and take my time about it?' I gathered them up and started. It was a mistake; I hadn't gone six feet before I felt a little tug, and the points were pulled into my hand deeper than ever. Of course, I knew at once what it all meant; there was a cord attached to one of the trousers legs and the other end of it was tied to the man's hand, and that was what I had brought up against.

"He was out of bed in a minute. I made a bluff at him, but hampered as I was with practically only one hand, I really wasn't in it at all, and in less than two minutes he had me tied up waiting for the police."

Jess: "I took off my hat at the theatre last night."

Jack: "How did that happen?"

Jess: "We sat in the last row, back."

CAUGHT DEAD TO RIGHTS.

A Pretty Vulture Caught Stealing Cards for her Accomplice.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There are men who think themselves good poker players. In fact they pride themselves on their ability to play the game, and occasionally boast of their winnings. It must be truthfully said that some of these men do know how to play draw poker—that is, as far as playing a square game is concerned—but their money would not be worth a shilling in the pound gambling with a professional card sharp. Professional gamblers are continually travelling. They go from place to place, always looking for a game. They generally travel in pairs, under the guise of legitimate business agents, or of wealthy pleasure-seekers. They have letters of introduction from prominent people, and as a result they are introduced into the fashionable clubs, and subsequently into the game. They will try to hide their winnings as much as possible, so as to avoid suspicion, and very often they will claim to be losers, when, in reality, they have won many dollars.

Some are known as "paper man," other as "hold-outs," while more are called "second dealers."

They all, of course, have a general knowledge of the various methods of cheating, but they excel, as a rule, in some one of these systems.

In conversation the other evening with a retired gambler, who in his time was the most skilled "second dealer" in the kingdom, he said:

"It took me over four years of hard practice to learn how to deal seconds properly. A 'second dealer' is a man who can deal cards from any part of the pack without detection, so that, previous to the players drawing cards, he skilfully slips his thumb along the bottom of the pack and catches a glimpse of the cards to be dealt. If he sees anything he needs he can deal it to himself as easily as if it were on the top of the deck. If he has a partner he will know by signs just exactly what he wants, and if he can't give it to him he will motion him to stay out.

"If his partner has a pair he will look through the deck, and, if he observes the other pair of the same there he will make a sign to the partner, who will thereupon raise the price to draw cards. As a rule, partners sit together when they play, so that one can cut to the other's liking, and this in itself is a science, for the man cutting the cards will do it to the satisfaction of the whole board, as he apparently mixes them up, while in reality he does not disturb his partner's arranged cards.

"Now, in this instance the man who cuts the cards cleverly is dealing, so that his partner is the one to draw first. Now it is rather difficult to pull two cards from different parts of the pack, and then all eyes are watching the dealer when he is giving out the first cards, so that while holding the pack in his left hand, just before starting to deal to those drawing, he will find some pretence for reaching his right hand across the table, and in this manner he will hide the deck. He will in that instant skilfully shift with his fingers one of the cards his partner wants to the top of the deck.

"The hardest game I ever went up against was at a social gathering. A pretty lady, who posed as the wife of the host, sat to the left of her husband, and to my right, apparently reading a book. She would occasionally lay the book in her lap, and after she took it up again the host would invariably hold a hand we could not beat. He was raking in all the money, and with my shifting the cut, dealing seconds, and resorting to every possible device, I found it impossible to even hold my own. They drank wine freely, excepting myself, and I pleaded temperance. There was a problem to solve and it gave me quite a little trouble to solve the mystery.

"I finally concluded some new game was being worked, and closely watching my man I noticed he had a habit of laying his cards upon the edge of the table and dropping his left hand on his lap. I received a Jack full on the deal, and my suspicions were at once aroused. When it came to the draw I noticed the woman dropped her book, and as she did I grasped her left wrist. In her hand she held an ace, which she was about to pass to her partner, who was winning all the money; I demanded a count of cards and found there were two short. Those two were kings, which she had in the book in her lap. I've been up against shrewd games, but never such a bold piece of business as this. Certainly I kicked, and we all got our money back and quit the pair of vultures who had fleeced the other two players on previous occasions."

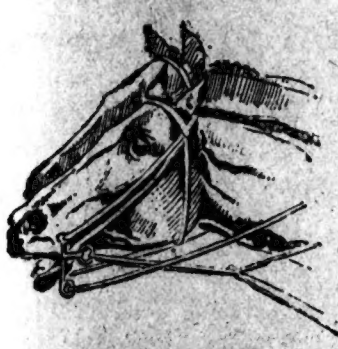
Melancholy Invalid (to attending physician): "Doctor, I am a very sick man."

Doctor: "Well, that's what I am here for."

Melancholy Invalid: "Do you think I will recover?"

Doctor: "Well, that's what I am here for, too."

TURF NOTES.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

NEWMARKET AND WINDSOR.

THE 2,000 GUINEAS.

Which will Win?

OUR SELECTED.

THE 1,000 GUINEAS.

FINALS.

The first classic event of the season, the Two Thousand Guineas, will be decided to-day, and will probably equal in numbers the field of last year. Should Ladas be returned the winner of this race, with the extra time intervening between now and the Epsom fixture to finish his preparation, he will be a very warm order for the Blue Ribbon. Matchbox, who at one time pressed him very closely for favouritism, looks well, because, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in the Criterion Stakes, he gave away weight, and won easily. In the Dewhurst Plate his form was also good, for, here, he gave Jocasta ten pounds and a four lengths' beating, having behind him Priestholme, a winner, with Speed and Ermenonville; his first victory was at Kempton, and at a mile, where he got home by a neck only from Son o' Mine, and may not relish the extra journey. His latter races were six and seven furlongs respectively, at which distances he appeared improved. Whether the mile will be in his favour remains to be seen, but the son of St. Simon and Match Girl will be thereabouts, I feel sure. Sempronius, on his running this year, hardly looks good enough to upset either Ladas or Matchbox, and Athlone's race with him does not make his chance very rosy, although two days later, in the Craven Stakes, with 9st 6lb, he cantered home two lengths in front of Bluff and Simonburn; some little improvement on this would make him dangerous, as he can stay the distance. Hornbeam's single attempt last year at Goodwood, where he absolutely finished last, gives him no chance whatever here, and I do not think Wadlow will effect a surprise. St. Florian divided Bullingdon from Jocasta last July in the Ham Stakes, but cannot be made out the equal of his stable companion. Speed early last year ran up a sequence of three wins, and his preparation for this race is a finished one; not being engaged in the Derby he will go to the post in a more forward condition than many others, and on form stand the best outside chance; he ran unplaced to Bullingdon at Goodwood, and his final attempt at the close of the year resulted in his defeat by Matchbox, to whom he could get no nearer than fourth.

Stone Chack is well bred enough, yet he holds no chance, and Mr. Vyner's candidate may be passed over.

Priestholme was twice successful, and his deeds do not make him more than useful; but with T. Loates to help him along will beat more than beat him.

Theseus is fairly good handicap class, and being in form, this something should be in his favour; but he will be outpaced in the favourite's company.

Contract, another son of Isonomy, may run, but I fail to find anything likely to lower the colours of Lord Rosebery's colt, and shall plump for three, placing

Ladas	1
Speed	2
Matchbox ...	3

in this order.

The One Thousand Guineas at the time of writing is an unknown quantity. The fickle sex have not been supported, although at times these fillies have shown good form when opposed by the stronger sex, Mecca going into winter quarters with a win, and in the Hopeful Stakes she declared her superiority by beating La Nievre and three others somewhat easily. Jocasta displayed her quality when pitted against Ladas in the Middle Park Plate, but again had to put up with second honours to Matchbox, who beat her somewhat easily in the Dewhurst Plate. In the Knowsley Nursery Amiable ran Xury to a head for second honours, there being fourteen others behind her, but in an earlier attempt could make no impression on Mecca, who beat her out of place. At Goodwood she got a situation from Sanderling, and improved on this at York, where, giving weight to both Simonburn and Wherwell, she defeated them by two lengths, Sir Jacob and ten others in the beaten lot, on this form her chance is taking, and in a final selection among these uncertain young ladies I must vote for

Mecca	1
Amiable ...	2
Jocasta ...	3

I like them in the order named. To-day, Wednesday, the Wilbraham Plate is almost equally divided between the fillies and colts, and of the latter the best may be

Stormont,

who is a nice mover, and Thuringia and Topknot may get situations. In the Second Welter Handicap,

Machiavelli,

with Bradford in the saddle, should account for the heavyweights. Tours and Bay Marden will be next best, and follow him home.

A Plate of 400 sovs, if sent, I like

Windgall;

but Irish Car or Grasp in his absence.

For the Heath High Weight Handicap seven have accepted, and

Lindrick

should be able to place it to the credit of his stable. Grania has good class, but Primrose Way's light weight should bring them together.

On Thursday, the Peel Handicap,

Hawkesbury

will have most to fear from Portrush. Both on their Epsom running hold respective chances, and if beaten it will be by the aid of Vaulter.

For the Chippenham Stakes, with good second place money, the race should be interesting, and

Marin

I expect to be returned the winner, with Wherwell and Vitez the remaining honours.

The Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate

Patna,

with Galiana, should be a close thing, and here Head Lad may be seen opposing them.

The March Stakes I am almost afraid will be no race if

Grey Leg

is sent; it will weaken, if not frighten away, the opposition; in his absence Windgall or Buckingham should account for it.

The Ely Plate,

Ingebrigt,

with Sir Oracle and Fruit Knife to beat the penalised ones.

On Friday the unclosed races, mostly selling stakes, take up the programme, and the earlier form should be followed.

The May Plate,

La Sagesse.

with Sauteur and McNeil to follow him home.

The Bretby Plate,

Gatlands,

who won this race last year, may again be sent, and should be near the mark; Modra and Flare Up are both useful.

On Saturday, the Royal Borough of Windsor will be the battle ground, and in the St. George's Handicap,

Trigg,

Glenloch, and Sacristy, particularly the first named; and in the Crown Welter Handicap,

Quickfoot,

if selected for this, will find Raglan, and Rohilla his most difficult opponents.

In the Winkfield Mid-Weight Handicap

Odour,

Gold Hackle, and Levallon I have most fancy for, and in the Island Plate,

United,

with Favoro and Street Singer, I give the award.

The Public Sale Plate,

Four Crosses,

May Yohe, and Queen of the Chase read likely, and as many of the above-mentioned at this meeting are in two or more events on the same day, it would be as well not to overlook their chances at their first attempt.

CHALK.

WANDERED FROM HIS OWN FIRESIDE.

At Bow Street, May 4, Mr. Lushington was engaged for an hour in investigating a charge of assault against a stalwart young man named John Harrison, who described himself as a journalist, of 133, Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road. The witnesses for the prosecution were Mdme. Spelton, the wife of a professional strong man at present on tour, Elsie Marriott, a smart-looking young lady, who said she belonged to the Alhambra ballet, and Amy Martin, one of whose eyes was very much discoloured. "Madame," as she was deferentially styled by the other ladies in the case, is the landlady of a house in Torrington Square. Miss Marriott is her lodger, and Amy Martin her servant. According to the account given by "Madame" and the servant, they were awakened at four o'clock in the morning, and found Harrison in Miss Marriott's room. He was fully dressed. She complained that he would not go out of the house, although she had requested him to do so. He walked into the bathroom, looked at the furniture, and remarked that nothing was there worth taking away. He would not go, struck the servant, and a policeman was called. "Madame" declined to say whether she was a professional "strong woman," and denied that she threatened to serve him out as

The Old Man in Grafton Street

was. Her husband did not allow her to keep men in the house while he was away. Harrison asked: Do you allow men to visit Miss Marriott? No. What, never? Well, I let her husband see her. (Laughter.) Miss Marriott started by saying that she was a single woman employed in the ballet at the Alhambra. At two o'clock in the morning, as she was going home Harrison accosted her. That was at the corner of Store Street. He wanted to accompany her home. She was frightened of him, and allowed him to walk with her to her lodgings. When she opened the door she was surprised to find that he followed her. She told him she was not allowed to receive visitors, but he refused to go, and she complained to Madame. She denied having received any money from him. Harrison assured the magistrate that he accompanied Miss Marriott home at her request. Madame explained to him that she was a strong woman playing at one of the music-halls. When he tried to get out they seized him. Whilst he was trying to open the door they belaboured him, and he struck in self defence with his fist, not a poker. He exhibited a slight wound on his head, and showed that one of his thumbs had been dislocated. Mr. Lushington said he did not believe the women's story. He hoped it would be a lesson to him not to go home with a strange woman at such an hour in the morning.

Harrison (very earnestly): Never again, sir. (Laughter.) He was then discharged.

THE OUTSIDE JULIUS CÆSAR.

In the Silver Rings on the metropolitan circuit of our racecourses may be seen a familiar figure with close-cropped face, surmounted with a white helmet. Although so adorned he is no warrior; he stands not to be shot at. "Tommy Short Odds'" ruling passion is to back 'em in, and shout, "Money! money! money! — anybody want any m-o-n-e-y."

On one occasion a few years, ago at Kempton Park, some unsophisticated punter innocently inquired what was favourite. So-and-So, said the Knowing One, and the innocent produced his half-a-quid and transferred it to Tommy, who, when the race was over, shouted, "I'm paying out over the favourite!" Then the juggins, with smiling face, gently steered up to receive, but was met with select English of the best brand, language only to be acquired in the open air. I told you the favourite in London, you

. . . . . .

and not the one down here, see, in proof of which here's the telegrams, warbled the bookie, and the brothers of the craft smiled on the artful one; whilst, in the distance, the band appeared to play a requiem on his closing words, as the backer in sorrow departed, minus the oof. We are unfortunately short of kind of type to do justice to the language to fill in the space above; but the reader, no doubt, can supply from imagination the missing words. Thus, honesty and integrity, combined with close prices, have enabled him to grace an open landau with his presence, and, with one of his charming lady-like daughters (not a cousin), may be seen any day *en route* for action.

RING NOTES.

Four six-round contests were decided at the Goodwin Gymnasium, May 3, and each bout was boxed through the stipulated number of rounds. Mike Small secured first meeting over Ernest Pickard; J. Moore the second over A. Buckingham; W. Howard the third over Ted Gorrie; and in the last Dave Gough was not good enough for Sid Phillips.

* * *

Ted Crowley and J. Brooker were announced to box twenty rounds at the Windermere Social Club, Sydenham, May 2, for a £10 purse, but at the call of time for the first round Crowley led off on the head, and, after some very slight exchanges, again landed, this time following on with the right on the chest. Brooker retaliated with a nice flush hit for the throat, but was cleverly countered. This riled Crowley, who went for his man with a will, and presently catching him with a tremendous right-hander on the jaw felled his rival. Brooker tried to stagger up, but it was a feeble attempt, and, not being able to come up to time, Crowley was declared the winner, after boxing 2min 50sec. In an eight-round battle Bill German cried enough to Bill Jordan in three rounds.

Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, writing to The Mirror of Life, says:—"Many of the self-styled champions at 9st 6lb who flaunt this title in their challenges to the press might, I think, look round before they claim that distinction. Valentine is so self-styled, yet at the National Sporting Club I defeated him when last we met, and if any club would put up a purse for this weight I should be only to glad to contest it, Valentine for choice."

* * *

There is a rumour going round that a £100 stake will be found for the 9st 6lb championship. What if it should be the two Arthurs—Valentine and Callan—and if so a grand contest will be anticipated.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
JAMES J. CORBETT,
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD
CONTAINING
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